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THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

BY

WILLIAM HOWITT.

"It is Calamity which proves the man: the self-sustained is overthrown by it; the God-sustained is ennobled by it."—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Time, dark with wrongs and red with patriot blood, is the enfranchiser of nations."—SIR PHILIP STANTON'S ORATIONS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

For the next few days the two friends enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content in strolling about the neighbourhood. Lawrence walked through the town with Philip, showed him the castle on its bold cliff, but square and most uncastlelike in itself. They descended the subterranean passage from the castle to the valley below, still celebrated for the capture of Mortimer in it. They visited the spot on which Charles I. erected his unfortunate standard. They visited the singular cluster of caverns in a low range of rock in the park, near the

river Lene, where the original Troglodite inhabitants of Nottingham had lived, and in many such besides, now buried under the town and forming its cellars. The caves had been hewn out into regular rooms, with an arched chapel, and therefore probably called by the people "The Papish Holes." They crossed the Trent by its primitive ferry into the old village of Wilford; entered the house where Kirke White had lodged, and traced the pleasant banks of the Trent to Clifton Grove, and far over the fields to the world-noted Gotham, renowned for wise men, and on to the sylvan hall and uplands of Thrumpton.

They wandered on the north of the town up a quiet valley to the ancient and sainted well of St. Anne, which still poured out its clear waters from its mossy cistern, and where still remained an old house which had probably been the abode of the hermit who guarded the well, and kept its sacred waters free from pollution. But a few years before, Lawrence

said, the hills round made part of Sherwood Forest, and the deer might be seen issuing from its glades to drink at the stream which flowed from the well. All these hills were now bare of trees, and in the turf of one of the hill-tops might yet be discovered traces of an old labyrinth called "The Shepherd's Race." To Philip's feeling, a spirit of the ancient calm and sanctity seemed still to rest in that quiet valley, in soothing contrast to the hurried and struggling spirit of the present populous age. He felt a peculiar charm in the traces of the olden time which still showed themselves in the country all round.

In most of these rambles Adam Criche was the honoured attendant, though they would not permit him to appear in the streets with them, lest his decided reform tendencies might create a suspicion that the stranger was the expected orator. Philip enjoyed this interval of rustication with all the gusto of a school-boy, and declared that he never liked a country

so well. At the same time, Lawrence introduced him to two friends, who, he said, could keep any secret, women though they were.

These were two ladies, sisters, Mary and Jane Ottiwell, milliners and straw bonnet-makers, living on the Long Row.

"These," said Lawrence, "are my very particular friends. They are amongst the best and most successful tradespeople that I know. They have been twelve years in business, and have made a comfortable property. Yet, they still continue as industrious as ever, because it enables them to do much good. Though they are active tradeswomen, you will soon find that they are equally women of taste and information. They have a valuable collection of books of their own; and they are shareholders in the Bromley House Library, where I shall introduce you, when you are introduceable," said Lawrence smiling. "But the Miss Ottiwells do not content them-

selves with being intellectual, they are deeply religious. They are amongst my most zealous and estimable hearers, and they are indefatigable in the promotion of schools for the poor."

"You raise my expectations amazingly," said Philip. "They must be *rarissimæ aves in terris*."

"That is what they are," said Lawrence; "but you will judge for yourself."

They entered a neat and well-furnished shop, where all sorts of articles in millinery on one side, and straw and other bonnets on the other, demonstrated an ably-conducted business. There were several smart young women behind the counters, and, on hearing Lawrence's voice, a lady betwixt thirty and forty stepped down from a desk, and with a smiling face extended her hand to the curate. The lady was of more than middle height, though not of middle age. She was tastefully dressed in brown silk, but with nothing

showy about her. Her black hair was full in quantity, and glossy in quality, and neatly dressed in plain style. Her face was firmly, rather than delicately formed, her features good, her complexion brunette, a clear, acute nose, and the whole expression of countenance that of quiet intelligence, and the eyes smiling with a peculiar mixture of friendliness and shrewd sense.

"Miss Ottiwell," said Lawrence, in a familiar tone, "I have brought a friend to see you, and to see your sister too," looking at a door at the back of the shop.

"I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of any friend of yours, Mr. Hyde," said the lady, making a courteous inclination towards Philip, and at the same time turning towards the door at the back of the shop, as reading Lawrence's thought. She introduced them into a neat back-parlour, where sat the other sister, busy with a ledger, as it appeared, before her, and deep in accounts.

She received Lawrence and the stranger, however, without the slightest embarrassment on account of her employment, shook hands cordially with Lawrence, and looked at Philip with an inquiring expression, as waiting his introduction. This was by every mark the sister of the other lady, but yet very different. She was about the same height, but somewhat of slighter figure; her face with a strong likeness, and yet with great unlikeness. The head was smaller, the cheeks fuller, the chin less, and more retreating; the complexion as clear a brown, and the eyes with a more lively and free glance.

"Friend Philip," said Lawrence, "let me introduce you to Miss Ottiwell, and to Miss Jane Ottiwell," indicating with his hand first the lady from the shop, and, secondly, the lady of the parlour. The ladies made their recognition. "And to you, my dear friends," added Lawrence, "let me introduce—Philip Stanton!"

The sisters, who were gazing at the handsome stranger with an evident disposition to like him, made a decided start at the unexpected name.

"Oh!" they exclaimed, simultaneously, "can it really be Mr. Stanton? How you have surprised us, Mr. Hyde; why, you never said a word of this great pleasure!"

"For the best of reasons," said Lawrence, "I was surprised by Philip's arrival myself."

"Most welcome to Nottingham," said the sisters, shaking hands warmly with Philip; "we are delighted indeed."

"But," added Lawrence, "observe—Philip is not arrived in Nottingham, except to you and us—I mean Adam and wife are included. I want us to have him all to ourselves for this week out; we shall not get much of him, I expect, for some time after."

"Ah! we comprehend," said the ladies. "Right, very right, Mr. Hyde—it was very

well thought of. But you will let us have a good share of your friend, we hope. We were talking of taking tea in our garden this afternoon. How charming it would be if you could join us! We want to enjoy this fine weather; the days now shorten pretty fast, and we may not have many more opportunities."

"With all my heart," said Lawrence. "What say you, Stanton?"

Philip expressed his great pleasure in the project.

"Then will you send Adam to make the necessary preparations?" said Miss Ottiwell. "We will take a maid with us, and all things necessary."

Lawrence said he would send Adam off in good time, and they would come at three to walk with the ladies.

When they had left the house, Lawrence said—

"You'll like this little tea in the garden, I think. Their garden is in the outskirts,

and I think you will see some new life of the people here. And how do you like the sisters?"

Philip thought he should like them greatly. He could see sense, character, and goodness in them. He was prepared to make real friends of them. They were to him a new and very interesting class of ladies.

At three the two friends once more entered the milliner's shop. The ladies were ready—the maid was gone before. They instantly set out, Philip offering his arm to the elder sister, and, after traversing a large extent of town, they emerged into the open fields. Philip could see that they were pursuing the side of the valley in which St. Anne's Well lay, and before them Miss Ottiwell pointed out an extensive stretch of enclosures, with a singular dotting of little huts, and numerous hedgerows, and trees like fruit-trees rising over them.

"Those," she said, "are the gardens of

the townspeople, and for the most part of the working-people. I cannot tell you what a blessing they are to them. They not only supply their families with fresh vegetables, but they supply, what is of far higher value, an interest to the workmen themselves, which takes them away from the public-house, and all other low pursuits. Early in the spring and summer mornings, and late in the evenings, you find scores, I might almost say hundreds, of men busy in these gardens, and may see them carrying home baskets full of vegetables and fruit. Here, on Sunday afternoons and in holidays, they bring out their families; and these are quite *fête* days, when the children can roll on the fresh grass, and grub in the fresh earth; and the poor wives, who have a hard time of it at home, not only cooking and washing, but toiling otherways for their families, in close alleys and poor, unhealthy dwellings, can breathe a little fresh air, get fresh fruit, and, best sight of

all, see their husbands sober and strengthened by this rural occupation. It is wonderful what a passion many of them get for their gardens; nothing but politics, which is a great Nottingham passion from top to bottom of society, can compete with it; and I really do believe that these gardens, by the healthy taste for nature which they have inspired, have originated that taste for books, and especially for first-rate poetry, which you will find prevails greatly amongst the better grade of artisans here."

"How delightful!" said Philip. "This is quite a new view of things to me. How very much I feel interested in these workpeople's gardens!"

"You will be more so," said his companion, "when you have seen them. Oh! at what little cost may rich men gratify and improve, and win the hearts of the poor!—nay, really at no cost at all. These gardens bring in a far higher rental to the owners than the lands

around; and so would the quantity of land in any neighbourhood—town or village—necessary for the poor man's garden and potato plot."

"How very true," replied Philip. "I wonder it is not more commonly done."

"Most wonderful," said Miss Ottiwell; "but there's an old-world prejudice in the minds of landlords against obliging the poor with more than a mere cottage—I don't know why. Perhaps they think they make them too independent of them. But that is a great mistake — they would, by such favours, make them their fast friends. But here we are!"

She opened a door, and they found themselves in a narrow lane, betwixt tall hawthorn hedges. Right and left were doors or gates, but generally doors, for more privacy, leading into the garden plots; and, at certain distances, other lanes, going off at right angles, to give access to all parts of the garden

region. They could see a little into these gardens, here and there, and Philip was much amused by the infinite contrivances for something like summer-houses in all of them. Some consisted merely of a few straight poles, over which scarlet runners were grown; others of a few tub staves, erected into very humble sheds; others were of more pretensions—snug, rustic bowers; and others, again, quite handsome, of brick or plaster-work, with their glass windows, and with creepers trained over little porches.

"Are they not funny little huts?" said Jane Ottiwell, who, with Lawrence, was now come up.

"They are blessed little nooks," said Lawrence. "I believe my sermons would do little good amongst the working-classes if their souls were not strengthened and purified by their attachment to their gardens, which are God's instruments, as well as pulpits. I find in almost all the men who

work here in their gardens a strong love of nature, and that almost as uniformly linked with a love of books."

"That is just what I have been saying," said Miss Ottiwell, as she opened their garden door, and they found themselves in a plot blazing with flowers of the kinds belonging to the late summer, masses of scarlet geraniums asserting their supremacy amid them. The plot looked somewhat confined, however, for a hedge of laurel and laurustinus divided this portion from a second, into which they now entered—the heart of the garden. Here was one simple expanse of turf, shorn as smooth as a bowling-green, except that round by the hedges stood at intervals standard roses, and betwixt them pots of flowers. In one corner, however, was observed a little brick house, with one window, and a chimney smoking actively. In the corner, on the same side opposite, stood an open thatched summer-house or shed, supported on stout

posts, round which were twined honeysuckle and jasmines. Within stood a rustic table, covered with a white cloth, and the tea-tray upon it in all readiness. Here was Adam Criche just rising from his book, as he heard them approach, and out of the little brick house peeped Mary, who was boiling her kettle, and cutting bread and butter.

"Well, this is charming!" said Philip.

"But look here," broke in Miss Ottiwell, "you have not seen all. Here is our kitchen-garden;" and she led the way through another laurel hedge, and showed a good-sized and well-cultivated garden, evidently well-stocked for family use.

"Adam and we sisters do it all," continued Miss Ottiwell. "We give over to father Adam all the heavy digging, as is proper, you know; but as to raking and hoeing, and all sorts of trowel-work, weeding and fettling, as they say here—that is, making things neat—what say you, Adam, for it does not become us to boast?"

"That I'd match Mary and Jane Ottiwell against Eve herself if she were here."

"There! you hear!" said Jane Ottiwell, with an arch laugh—"we have a character! We shall not starve, should straw-plat and millinery fail. It will only then be, 'who wants a gardener?'"

"I should not have thought this soft and jewelled hand," said Philip, taking Jane's hand, and making conspicuous a very rich ruby ring, "could have delved much in the soil."

"Oh, Mr. Stanton!" said Jane, "you give us ladies very little credit for contrivance. When we work, off goes the ring, and on goes a pair of leather gloves.

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?'

And where was then the gentlewoman? Of course, just where she was before. But, in truth, Mr. Stanton, I would much rather sacrifice the softness of a pair of hands than

the infinite pleasures that we find in this little Eden."

"But before tea," said Miss Ottiwell, "I want Mr. Stanton to see a few of the gardens. There are a good many men at work, I observe, poor fellows, because I expect they have just now no other work. Will you go, sir?"

Philip gladly assented, and they all issued from this garden. They found a considerable number of the other gardens open; and Philip observed the pleasure which lit up the countenances of the men as they saw the Miss Ottiwells and the curate. They left their work to show them their flowers and their crops. They pointed out with pride their apples and plums; told what crops of peas and beans and gooseberries they had had; and shewed much knowledge of garden botany. When the ladies or the curate inquired of their employment, they shook their heads, and said things were dreadfully bad—thou-

sands were out of work; several of them with whom they talked had been without employment for many weeks, and those who had work said it was at starvation prices, and that their masters said they only kept on for the men's sakes, and were filling their warehouses with goods instead of selling them.

"And what do the poor people do?" asked Philip.

"Oh, there's nothing for it but the parish, and their clubs; but the clubs are nearly all broken, and some of us who have paid to them for twenty years can get nothing out now we want it."

"I cannot understand," added Philip, "how the poor live in such a case."

"Live!" said the men, "they don't live, sir; and how we manage to keep life in, God only knows. Thousands are getting desperate; if something is not done, there'll be mischief."

"I hope," said one, "this Mr. Stanton that is coming will go amongst us, and see what we

are really suffering, and let the great people at head-quarters know the real truth."

The sudden remark was rather startling to Philip and his friends, but the younger Miss Ottiwell said quickly, "I hope he will, indeed!"

"There are great hopes built on him," added the men.

"And I hope he will justify them," said Lawrence. "I know enough of him to be certain that he will if he can."

"I am glad to hear you say that," continued the men, "we've been so often deceived by the broad-cloth men."

"Our tea will be waiting," said Miss Ottiwell, markedly, to her friends; and, saying "good-bye" to their artisans, they went away.

"That was rather trying to one's nerves," said Miss Jane, when they were at a little distance, with a suppressed smile. "You see, Mr. Stanton, what an Atlas you are to these

poor creatures. And only think of them—they are stocking-makers, or stockingers, as they call them; when trade is what they call good, working sixteen hours a-day, for only six or seven shillings a-week!—and now, in really bad times like these, to be often without it altogether!"

"Merciful heaven!" said Philip, "why that, Lawrence, is worse even than Slumbercumb! But why don't they bring up their children to some other and better trade?"

"Ay, so say the political economists," said Miss Ottiwell; "but how can they, when their children are all wanted, as soon as they can do anything, to eke out their miserable earnings, by seaming the hose they make; and then, as soon as possible, are put into a frame, that is, the stocking-loom, for the same all-potent reason. Poverty, in fact, is an iron slavery, from which they cannot so easily escape as political economists can from their difficulties on paper."

This melancholy conversation was interrupted by their arrival at the garden and summer-house, where a more cheering scene awaited them. Miss Ottiwell made tea; the neat Mary tripped about with the steaming kettle, and brought from her little kitchen nice tea-cakes and Nottingham pikelets, that is, crumpets, in addition to her beautifully-sliced bread and butter. A general conversation took place, which seemed to banish the darker ideas that lay around them. Adam Criche and the ladies informed Philip that there were in the outskirts of Nottingham, besides gardens of a very superior class belonging to the wealthy tradesmen in the park, just below the castle, no less than 5,000 of these citizens' and tradesmens' gardens, spreading over at least 500 acres, and bringing a rental of upwards of 6,000*l.* a-year, where the rental for ordinary purposes would not exceed 250*l.*

But by degrees the conversation fell back

into the great and pressing topics of the time —the misery and destitution of the people, and the disposition of the Government rather to stifle it, if possible, than to relieve it by wise and liberal measures. Philip learned that the corporation of the town was a thorough Whig corporation, all reformers, and that the bulk of the master-manufacturers were reformers too. They met and petitioned themselves for reform, and were always glad to have the masses to swell their petitions, but that they never condescended to step out of their way to countenance and support the endeavours of the working-class for reform. The reforms demanded by their class, in fact, limited their creed. The people cried for universal suffrage and free-trade; the masters went no farther at farthest than 10*l.* household suffrages, and many had a dread of free trade. They spoke of the furious violence with which elections were conducted betwixt the Whig and Tory factions—when people were pelted with stones,

windows were broken by hundreds, and men of station had their clothes torn off their backs if they could be caught in the streets, and were held under pumps until they were all but drowned. At such times the working-classes were loudly called on to stand up for the liberties of Englishmen, and the so-called "Nottingham lambs" were ready enough to respond to the cry; but the battle over, they and their interests were forgotten, till the election called once more for their support. Hence the distrust and jealousy betwixt these classes. The workmen, in their cooler moments, putting no faith in what they called "the broad-cloth men," and the masters secretly alarmed at the tendency of a large class, which, in their fears, they extended to all, to rise against property and to destroy machinery. This fear, the Luddites, the rabble and demagogues of the hosiery and lace districts, had greatly justified by their repeatedly turning out to destroy lace-

machines and the stocking-machines, constructed to make stockings in large pieces, which were afterwards cut up into stockings, as clothes are cut out of a piece of cloth, and then called cut-ups. These Luddites Philip knew had been only put down by soldiery. All this was guiding light to him in his approaching dealings with the working-classes here.

The tea was over—the ladies divided the remaining bread and butter, and, making up several jugs and basins of tea, Mary and Adam Criche carried these to some of the workmen in the neighbouring gardens, the curate also jocularly volunteering his assistance. As the evening began to close in, the party returned towards the town, Philip every moment more deeply interested in the details disclosed to him, and in the admirable women whom Providence had thrown into this vast field of philanthropic labour, with hearts and with heads for it, which filled him

with an affectionate reverence. As he went homewards with Lawrence and Adam, he declared that he had never passed an afternoon that had so inspired him with mingled pleasure, sorrow, respect, and resolution to sink, by the help of God, more and more all personal considerations in that of duty to his fellow-men.

"Amen!" said Lawrence.

"Ten times amen!" said Adam. "And yet, Mr. Stanton, you don't know a hair's-breadth, as it were, of those two good women."

CHAPTER II.

The remainder of the week flew on rapidly. Philip and Lawrence enjoyed their strolls and talks; they had their morning plunge into the pellucid Trent, and their evening chat with the Miss Ottiwells—where, from the windows of their pleasant drawing-room above the shop, and looking into the market-place, they were at once amused with the sight of the moving people, and occupied in much looking over and talking of books. They planned various excursions—a boating up the river, amongst its willowy islands under the steep banks of Clifton Grove; to the Druidical Crom-

loch Stone, corrupted into Hemlock Stone, at Bramcote; to Newstead, now full of the glory of Byron; and to a strange old Grange near the village of Burton, some miles below the town, which Lawrence called the Dead House, from its grey, old, and weather-beaten aspect.

But the people were growing impatient for the arrival of the great orator. The meeting was to take place on the Wednesday, and no news of his approach transpired. Letters were despatched to the Club in London, and the reply was, he was somewhere on the road, the town might depend on his appearance. Accordingly, on the Monday morning, Philip, conducted by Adam, paid his visit to the secretary of the Hampden Club. The news flew like wild-fire. The secretary hurried off to call together a few of the most active leaders, who as quickly responded to the call. In a little back shop they crowded eagerly around their great champion, and congratulated themselves on his arrival.

"We began to be main anxious," they said.

Philip replied, "There had been no danger of his failing them. In fact, he had been some days in the town, but it was absolutely necessary for him to have a thorough rest."

They opened their eyes. "Certainly," some of them exclaimed; "it is Mr. Stanton that we have seen with the curate of Snenton."

"Precisely so," said Philip.

There was a sort of feeling of vexation at his not having made himself first known to them; but he soon convinced them that he could not have had the indispensable quiet had his arrival been known, and the cloud vanished. It was agreed that the club should be summoned to meet at seven that evening, after business; and when Philip was pioneered towards the club-room, at the Punch Bowl, in Barker Gate, he saw that no time had been

lost by his active allies. The walls were everywhere emblazoned with huge placards in giant letters:—"The great orator, Philip Stanton, Esquire, of London, has arrived! To the Forest, on Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, where the champion of the working-classes, the greatest orator of the day, will address the Reformers of Nottingham!"

It was well that Philip had secured a few days of repose—there was no more for him now. He was cheered vehemently on entering the club. There were several hours of discussion as to the course of proceedings at the meeting—the appointment of chairman, the drawing up of resolutions, and affixing movers and seconders. After that Philip was asked to supper, at the same house, and there was again much discussion and many speakers. The next morning numbers of ardent reformers rushed to his lodgings to see him, and he found that he should have a perpetual levee up to the very hour of the meeting, if he did

not take care. Seizing, therefore, the opportunity of a moment's cessation of the stream, he rushed out of the house, took the first path that he saw leading up the hill, and was delighted to find himself at length in the fields. He hurried on, till, perceiving a thick coppice, he sprang over the fence, and throwing himself on the ground amongst the bushes, rejoiced in his freedom. He lay and pondered over the proper topics for his speech the next day, and, as it grew dusk, stole down to the curate's, where he proposed to remain till bed-time. But no sooner did he see Adam, than he exclaimed:—

"Oh! Mr. Stanton, there has been such a running and scurrying to find you! There has been a hundred people here, if there has been one!"

"And the fact is, my good Adam," said Philip, "I don't want to be found. I have done all that is necessary—they will all see me to-morrow, so don't let any one in."

"But how can I keep them out, unless I tell as many lies as there are minutes?"

"Quick! come with me," said Lawrence, who had just come to the door.

They hastened off, cleared the narrow lane, took unlighted ways round the outskirts, and reached the Miss Ottiwells' in safety.

"Here," said Lawrence, laughing, "is a poor hunted creature, obliged to seek refuge with you—the modern Actæon, pursued by his own hounds."

He explained matters, and the ladies declared that nobody would dream of his being there; and they felicitated themselves on their good fortune. Safe from his onerous popularity, Philip spent a most happy evening.

The next morning he remained in his bedroom till eleven o'clock, having ordered coffee to be brought to him, and that he should not be disturbed by any one. He heard the surge still raging below, by the incessant hammering of the knocker, but he continued unapproach-

able; and as he had ordered a chaise to be at his door at half-past eleven, he stepped into it, and, accompanied by Adam only, he drove to the ground. Crowds were streaming along the streets and the highway leading to that not very attractive spot — Gallows Hill. Crowds were streaming across the fields in that neighbourhood, all going one way. The whole place was one great moving ant-nest.

"Where is the forest?" asked Philip, vainly looking for a wood. "Here it is!" said Adam, pointing to a piece of common partly covered with furze-bushes, and sloping down a ridge, on which stood a row of windmills, their great sails actively battling with the air.

"This a forest!" exclaimed Philip. "Why, there is not a tree upon it."

"No!" replied Adam; "but there were in Robin Hood's time, and long since. This is part of Old Sherwood, and still retains its name."

"All honour to it, then!" said Philip; "but if it has no trees—heavens! what a crowd of men blackening yon slope!"

There was, indeed, a crowd—20,000 or 30,000 men, not supplied by Nottingham alone, but by all the populous villages for ten miles round—by Derby, by Mansfield, by Newark, and by other towns. Every moment they were entering deeper into the dense and ever denser masses, who were rushing, pushing, crushing, wedging tighter and tighter, as they approached the great black mass of life marking the centre of attraction. There was cursing, cuffing, menaces, and fierce words and buffets, as the hot crowd threw itself struggling forward. It was impossible for Philip's chaise to move but with the mass. The crowd was with difficulty kept from being trampled under the horses' feet. "What do you bring your plaguy chaise here for?" bawled out a sturdy fellow, who seemed as if he would dash the window in with his elbow, having re-

peatedly set his foot on the nave of the wheel to enable him with huge shoulders to push back the crowd that weighed on him.

"What do we want?" said Adam. "Why, it's Mr. Stanton, to be sure!"

That was enough! A tremendous shout followed the word, like thunder after the lightning-flash; there were scores of eager faces, hot and steaming with the press and the exertion, thrust cheek by cheek towards the windows on each side for a glimpse of the orator; and thus, amid an indescribable hurrahing, struggling, clouds of dust, and a roar of cheering from the immense multitude, the hero of the day came upon the scene. By a still sharper struggle, Philip found himself getting somehow through steaming, solid masses of people, or rather borne over their shoulders and heads, from the carriage to the usual platform on such occasions—a waggon placed on the brow of the hill. When he gained his feet in this rustic rostrum, he seemed to

stand on a rock, amid a tempestuous ocean. All down the hill and around was one stormy acclamation, whirling hats and caps, and arms gesticulating. All round the waggon hung men and boys; on the framework of the nearest mill clomb scores of the like, and its door was crowded by some of the members of the corporation. Though that body had been too timid to allow the use of the market-place, few of them but were there. They had appointed whole troops of special constables to keep order, and the cavalry at the barracks had been requested to be in readiness to put down any attempt at rioting. There were numbers of carriages stationed along the top of the hill within hearing, and in them were no few ladies, who therefore feared no great mischief.

Philip felt that he needed a great and commanding argument to satisfy all the enthusiasm and curiosity which had brought that vast crowd together. But it did not

fail him. He took a rapid view of the question which had for so many years kept all Europe in throes of life or death. He called to mind the gigantic efforts which England had made—the magnificent triumphs which she had won. She had liberated the world from martial tyranny; she tried now to liberate herself from the same. It was the same principle here which was trying the same hopeless course. It must be put down. Here the thunder of the crowd was terrible, and was again and again renewed amid cries of "Bravo! that's it, Stanton! that's it!" It must be put down, but how?—by arms? No! but by a power far more mighty than arms—by the moral heroism and the wisdom of the nation. Here the magistrates and gentry, who had shaken their heads as the masses vehemently applauded, now joined in and clapped loudly, and white handkerchiefs were seen briskly waving from the carriages. From the crowd the applause was more

tempered, and not general, and a stentorian voice bellowed—"But how did Cromwell do it?"

"Well said!" continued Philip. "How did Cromwell do it? Cromwell and those who came after him did that for us which wants no second doing. They fought and bled, as was necessary, and made fighting now unnecessary. They placed the British constitution on a rock—that of public opinion and public veneration—that can never be shaken. Woe to those men, whoever they may be, however high, however mighty they may be, who shall seriously dare to destroy that constitution! No, my friends, there is no class, nor combination of classes, which can dare the united resentment and odium of united Englishmen. We have in the public sentiment, the public sense, the public patriotism, a power that, if rightly wielded, will lay prostrate in shame and in the dust the mortal enemies of the common liberty.

All these powers are comprised in the word Reform !—and, above all, in reform of Parliament. Our business," he continued, "is to exert that power, one and all of us—to direct it, and continue it, till it bears down by its weight every opposing principle." He called on them to wield this power before they resorted to any other power, to try it to the utmost, and he would undertake to say that they would never have occasion to condescend to the brute force power, or the melancholy ultimatum of bloodshed. But then they must act wisely; they must take all reformers along with them as far as they could—for the interests of the country and the city, of nobility and commerce, of master and man, were all identical. They were all men, all Englishmen, and could have no national happiness, no liberty, no refuge or home, but in the constitution.

Once more the spirit of the speaker was triumphant—the magnetism of mind thrilled

through, and swayed, and made one that huge and many-headed multitude. There was a long and vehement burst of acclamation. And Philip then went into the plans of action which seemed best adapted for the times; and called earnestly on the manufacturers to give their sympathy and countenance to the just demands of the working-classes, and not to leave them to the misguidance of ignorant, interested incendiaries. Again he impressed upon them that their interests were one, however various they might seem; and that they might depend upon it that if they did not support the people in what was just and reasonable, they themselves would ere long bitterly repent it.

The speech was two hours in delivering, and Philip sate down exhausted amid intense and prolonged cheers. Those who succeeded him were leaders of the Nottingham club—men of comparatively small means and small education; but Philip listened with increasing

wonder to the plain, sound sense, admirable language, and excellent feeling with which they delivered themselves. He compared their speeches to many that he had heard spoken in the House of Commons, and gave them the palm in all respects.

It shewed him what self-education, what Sunday and evening schools, and mechanics' institutes, had already effected; and when he rose to acknowledge the vote of thanks given him, he bade the multitude bear with them the remembrance of the display of intellect and practical wisdom which these unpretending men had given them—and they had there sufficient proofs that mind and education would, ere long, make themselves masters of the world. He shook hands cordially with these men on the meeting breaking up, and congratulated the cause on being in such hands.

These worthy fellows had arranged to ask him to a select dinner at the club-house, the

Punch-Bowl, in Barker Gate, and had sought him at his lodgings and at Adam Criche's in vain, to request his company; he now gladly accepted the offer; and as soon as he could get to his chaise for the throngs rushing to shake hands or to look at him, the committee walked on each side to keep the pressure back, and, amid continued cheers, they made their way to the inn.

The sensation produced by this meeting was prodigious. There were reporters from town, and from the neighbouring towns, and the two newspapers of the place were in the utmost bustle to have the fullest and completest report possible of Philip's speech. He was respectfully requested by both to correct the proofs, and on Friday there was an impatient rush for copies. The "Review," the reform paper, declared that no speech in the memory of man had excelled it; and the "Journal," the Tory organ, gave the most unqualified praise to the speech, as a piece of oratory, regret-

ting only that the eloquent and accomplished speaker should appear in such a cause and such company, and prophesied that he would soon be sick of them. We need not dwell on the rapturous delight of Adam Criche, nor on the proud applause of the curate. He and the Miss Ottiwells, who were present in a carriage, declared the effect was beyond all their anticipations. In a word, this was so far the crowning effort of Philip—was diffused and discussed all over the nation, brought down the most flattering thanks from the heads of the Club, and unmeasured notes of admiration from Thomas Cleary. Philip was still more enthusiastically hailed as the Man of the People, and the most unbounded expectations raised of him.

As Lawrence predicted, very little time was allowed him for further rest. There were earnest calls for him to visit the manufacturing districts of the north of England, and to extend his tour of agitation to those of Scotland.

The committee in London urgently seconded these appeals, declaring that there was nothing like following up the effect; to which Lawrence added, "Yes, 'Strike whilst the iron is hot' is one proverb, and another quite as true is, 'The willing horse must work,'—but remember, Philip, that the best horse has but a certain amount of strength, and don't let them work you down." To spare his energies, and to see that he was properly cared for, it was proposed that Adam should accompany him on this expedition. He knew the Lancashire towns and people well, and could arrange all regarding inns and meetings, and take a world of trouble off his hands. Philip accepted the proposal with pleasure, and Adam assumed his office with uncommon pride.

We must not dwell on the particulars of this campaign, which lasted to the middle of November. It was one of a perpetual series of successes, and of growing popularity on the part of Philip. He was no little aston-

ished as he entered the immense and swarming manufacturing districts of Lancashire. His imagination had never conceived anything so enormous, so colossal, so wonderful, as the gigantic system of mechanic power and skill, of commercial activity, of swarming population, as there met his wondering vision, and seemed for a time to weigh on his imagination with almost paralyzing vastness. These towns after towns full of busy people; these stupendous factories, story above story, all windows without, all wheels and spinning-jennies within; these hundreds and thousands of tall engine chimneys vomiting their sooty smoke in the sky; these miles upon miles of workmen's humble abodes, streets, and populous alleys and cellars, all swarming with human life, human industry, human squalor and misery; masses of rational beings, who had scarce a name or a distinction one from another, except that of their general cognomen, "hands." To the

great manufacturers, spinning-jenny princes, living in their splendid suburban palaces, and displaying all the state in their houses and equipages, and more than the ostentation, of nobles, who held, each of them, many hundreds, and all of them, collectively, the fates and fortunes of millions of their fellow-creatures in their power—these huddled, unknown, indiscriminated legions of human creatures were "hands." They were these hands which kept the stupendous intricacy of wheels and steam-engines, and weaving and spinning mysteries, all in motion—the heads were supposed to be on the shoulders of the lorldly capitalists who paid. When Philip wandered out at night, and saw all these great workshops, all these huge and lofty Babels of industry ablaze from top to bottom, saw them mile after mile—saw, as he had occasion to travel, one great fiery town fast succeeding to another, all ablaze, all astir—and the very intervals of country, here and

there, near and afar, ablaze too with great many-windowed factories—and reflected that in all this immensity and intensity of wealth, labour, science, mechanical and social, capital, and physical and spiritual being, there was scarcely a man of the working-class, which was the predominant one, who had a voice in the direction of the national fortunes—he began to comprehend in reality the mighty work he was engaged in. Then began to dawn on his mind that perception of the omnipotence of education, which gave the dominance to the few over the almost countless many—which alone could turn these "hands" into heads—could give to these toiling entities the privileges of souls—could open their eyes to their real powers, and to their weakness, which they now imagined to be their power—and could bind them all up into one head and one heart, one intelligence and one will, before whose Titanic greatness, but Christian benevolence and

wisdom, all local influences and accidental advantages must sink, as the proudest bubbles sink into the great sea.

Here, as elsewhere, the masters were chiefly reformers, but reformers looking only to their own interests, dreading the intents and the demands of the people—dreading that blind physical power which threatened them in days of distress like the present, yet equally dreading to enlighten it. There, as elsewhere, he found the masses embittered by the unsympathizing hardness of their employers, and combining to wrestle for their own rights. And amongst these lean, wiry, ragged, and dirty men, smelling of the factory or the engine-house, he found great numbers who had, under all neglects and difficulties, managed to gather up a surprising quantity of knowledge—knowledge of history, of travels, of poetry, of mechanical powers, of natural history, and, above all, of political truth. They had their Hampden Clubs, their news-

papers, which circulated from hand to hand till they became one black mass, and literally fell to pieces. These were all for constitutional reform; but beyond existed almost myriads, at that time the great mass, who, still dark and physical in their conceptions, were ready to listen to any advocates of brute force, and to follow the most ruinous counsels. He shuddered at the catastrophes which might arise from the fears of the masters, which made them stand aloof, and the vengeance of the men, which evil agents, acting on their necessities, might raise them to.

CHAPTER III.

Adam, who was at home amongst these populations, spoke their dialect, knew all their troubles, and could enter into all their feelings—was of infinite use in enabling him to understand them and to treat with them. Adam, in their journey, had told Philip his own history. He had been a master-shoemaker in Bolton, employing sixty workmen. He was a well-to-do and respected man, an active politician, and a devourer of books, especially on all political subjects. But in the midst of his prosperity there came down from Government an order to the magistrates and master-manu-

facturers to make a domiciliary search for all incendiary works, especially those of Tom Paine, and to burn them in the market-places. The order was executed with a delighted avidity in those districts. In Bolton there was a pile of them made, and the magistrates and constables and clergy came running from house to house. When they came to Adam, and said, "We know thou hast revolutionary books—bring them out—bring out thy Tom Paine, and let us burn him," Adam stood firm. It appeared to him a shameful invasion of Magna Charta, of every man's house being his castle, and he boldly said, "No! my books are my own; no man shall destroy them; no man shall cross this threshold, but over my dead body, for any such un-English purpose."

"What! thou wunna bring them out? Thou wunna? Then thou knows the consequence—we'll put an end to thy trade. We'll bring down thy proud stomach."

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"And they did put an end to my trade," said Adam. "They forbade any of their 'hands' buying a shoe of me, and the poor people were afraid to come near my shop, or they would lose their employment. My trade was gone, and gone for ever. I stood it out, hoping the tide would turn, the threat would be forgotten; but it never was, and I was glad at last to escape with just enough to keep me and my dame—and we went to Snenton, where she came from."

"Are such things possible?" said Philip, feeling a wonderfully increased respect for the old martyr.

"Possible and common," said Adam; "and must be so, so long as the people are uneducated, the masters are strong through their weakness, and the Government is, as it is now, ignorant of true political science, hard, and imperious."

On many a wild moorland, on many a black and bleak height, in many a rocky dell and

woodland, in many an open place of towns and villages, did Philip stand up amid thronging thousands of these working weavers and spinners, to encourage them to general and peaceable agitation for their rights. In many a dirty public-house, and close and squalid club-room, amid the fumes of beer and tobacco, did he meet and discuss, and exhort and organize plans of action with them. On many a bleak and bitter hill-side, amid sleet and pelting rain, amid desolate wastes of rushy land and grey-stone walls, did he brave the elements to teach them the way to win their freedom without offending the law. Yet he did not escape his perils. He was denounced far and wide as a firebrand, a renegade, instigating to mischief. Sometimes the meetings were dispersed by the assault of special constables, armed with heavy bludgeons; often he had to quit hastily a place from the intelligence that there were orders to apprehend him. Yet he went on

dauntlessly with his work, the faithful Adam always standing at his side, and stout fellows ready to defend him at the risk of their livelihoods or their lives. Thus he went on through Warrington, Manchester, Stockport, Bolton, Oldham, Middleton, Bullock-Smithy, and scores of other places. And often he enjoyed hours of the most unexpected pleasure in the company of some of those despised and indigent men. Often they strolled on the moors and into the glens with him, and talked of poetry, and history, and natural history, with a pure affection, and a knowledge which amazed him. There was a truth and justness in their criticisms on great writers, which would have shamed many who sat in the most elevated of critical cathedræ; and that because they had no interest in what they read but that of its own beauty and worth —no prejudices, no prepossessions, no motive or friendship to indulge.

Especially was he pleased with a silk-

weaver at Middleton, who invited him to his humble tenement, and introduced him, with much pride, to his neat, comely wife and blooming little daughter. This young man, named Samuel Bamford, who has since become widely known for his poetry and his "Life of a Radical," was then unknown except to his own neighbourhood, but equally a poet and a sagacious politician. Bamford was a rather tall, muscularly-knit man, of intelligent countenance and lively grey eyes. There was the self-possession of a man conscious of superior ability in his air, though his dress was like that of his class—a brown, somewhat coarse and threadbare coat, light waistcoat, and kerseymere smalls, worsted stockings, and strong hobnailed shoes. Yet, under that guise Philip saw a man of singularly shrewd sense, and a knowledge beyond his station. He had a strong feeling of his own clear-headedness, and exercised as strong an influence over his fellow-workmen. These men

had engaged an unused Methodist chapel for their meetings, and there Philip not only addressed them himself, but heard Bamford and others deliver speeches that did them the greatest honour. Bamford was as energetic as Philip himself in advocating peaceable agitation, and pointed out the certain mischief of any attempts at physical force.

It was a cordial to Philip to find such men sprinkled amongst these teeming hordes of suffering humanity. But it was when on a Sunday afternoon he made a long walk with Adam and Bamford through the neighbouring copses, and over the grey-cragged moors, that he saw all the soul of poetry which lived in the souls of such men, and leaped along like the clear sparkling waters down their moorland channels. There Bamford repeated his "Hours in Bowers," and exclaimed, "And what want we here but food to eat and raiment to put on? Give us but the simplest requirements of life, and liberty to

boot, and the Lancashire mechanic, with his home and family, his book, his paper, and his moorland walk, will not envy the lord in his hall, or the king on his throne."

"No," said Adam, "the king and the lord would then have more occasion to envy him; for life and nature would be his, pure and full and simple, without the cumbrous envelopments which high life and station bring with them. All that a man does not want is but the heavy load that Time's slave has to carry to the place where it is worse than coals to Newcastle—his grave."

Philip continued his tour through the great and equally busy districts of Yorkshire, Sheffield, Wakefield, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Leeds, to Blackburn and Beverley and Todmorden, thus again entering Lancashire. Through the busy towns and villages of Airdale and Wharfdale, and over many a hill and moorland, where the blue cloth stretched on its frames in the sun, in fields

and crofts, round factories odorous of olive oil, and enlivened by the busy factory girls, with bright coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, like French girls; or where flannel and blankets, newly woven, told the various pursuits of the place; he made his way, and did his work, hailed by the universal population with a joy that no martial conqueror ever took with him.

It was, as I have already said, the middle of October, when, to his joy, he found himself once more in his lodgings at Snenton, and shaking hands with Lawrence and the Ottiwells.

"I don't know how it is," he said; "but I always look on Nottingham as my home. It is not because I ever belonged to it, ever knew it till lately; but the home is where the heart is, and all that belongs to me seems to turn hitherward."

"That is the greatest compliment," said his friends, "that ever was paid us."

"But perhaps," said Philip, smiling, "there may be another cause, not quite so complimentary. You see, I have lived all along our journey with Adam and his birds, till I really begin to think myself one of them. He has had such a correspondence with his wife, through Lawrence, who has penned her letters about all these canaries, and I have had to listen to his letters so regularly, that truly I don't know whether politics or feathers have been uppermost. And yet one should know which are the heaviest. What a day was that, every week, when Mrs. Criche's epistle arrived, giving an account of the health of all the yellow flock. Goldy and Rix Royal, and Cardamon, and Flaky, and Greensmith, and Gauzy Hobthrush, and all the rest. 'Ay,' Adam would exclaim, 'what a fine fellow that Nabob must have grown; and Jenny Crowflower and Bob Snape! Bless me, how they must have thriven by this time! Don't you fancy them all hanging on the

walls outside, this fine weather!—don't you hear them? Why, it is like a warbling of cherubim in heavenly trees! Ay, now Mr. Hyde, as it is Sunday morning, is gone to church, and Grace has taken the cloth off their cages, and they are all chirruping inside like a May morning! Oh! they know the curate is out! God bless their little hearts, they are ready to burst with delight!' And the old man would stand in imagination listening to them and smiling in quiet ecstasy. 'But there's one thing,' he would add, immediately, 'I must tell Grace not to give them too much of that groundsel; it is treacherous stuff. They are voracious for it, but I've known it carry off scores of them when they had too much of it. And to mind those new cages she's got have holes big enough to let their head through to the water! Ay, by the mass, must I! Oh! what a fine bird, was old Jolly Jaundice! oh, such an old fellow—such a singer! I

lost him by putting him into a new cage, with such a stupid little hole, and we never observed it till we found him lying dead at the bottom of the cage.'

"'There's a cat got into the garden again, I hear. Hang these cats! what a trouble I've had with 'em. Do you know, Mr. Stanton, I had set a cage with a whole family in it, in an apple-tree one summer day, and scarcely had I turned my back, when I heard a shriek, a bounce, a scuffle, and there was the cage on the ground, and a huge tabby romping upon it, and trying to claw the poor dears within. I flew, snatching up a brick, and dashed it in my fury at the brute. But, oh, Mr. Stanton! that's the worst of passion—sure, the devil was in the brick, for the cat was gone like lightning, and the brick smashed the cage as flat as a pancake. My birds were dead.'

"'That was a shocking catastrophe,' I said.

"'It was,' said Adam, never noticing the cruel and miserable pun; 'and the only consolation I have is in thinking that most likely they were killed by the fall or frightened to death before. They seldom get over such a fright, do you know. Their little hearts are killed by spasms. Yes, I must take care to mention that cat, hang him.'

"That is how I have lived," said Philip. "I have been always at Snenton amongst a flock of canaries—so you are not to take all the attraction to yourselves. The worthy old bird-fancier has fascinated me; nothing but a meeting could take his thoughts off them, and we have never crossed a field, or followed a lane, or wandered on a moor, but Adam has been gathering plantain-seed. Upon my word, I think he cannot have much less than half a ton, or a hundredweight, say. There are huge bags and sheaves of it, that he has hauled along with us from town to town, and shire to shire."

Philip was soon summoned to London. Matters were every day becoming more serious. The agitation in the provinces, in which Philip stood conspicuous, had excited the deepest jealousy in the ministers. Numerous letters had been received by them from alarmed mayors and magistrates, describing the vast gatherings, the exciting harangues, the secret meetings, and the rumours of a general plot to surprise London, and massacre the whole cabinet at one of its dinners. The speeches of Philip had been read everywhere, and by all classes, with the most lively, but very different sensations. These, as the efforts of a young man not yet twenty-six years of age, excited the highest astonishment. If he wielded this power now, what would he do in more mature years? The leaders of the London Hampden Club declared they must have him in Parliament. Hunt alone showed a dislike to the proposition. It was evident that he was jealous of Philip's

eloquence and popularity, by which he was occupying that place in public opinion which it was his own ambition to monopolize. Philip showed to Lawrence the letters of Sir Francis, Cobbett, and the Major, advocating his going into parliament, "but," he said, "it is a mistake; it is out of parliament, it is amongst the people that I am really useful—Hunt is right there. Besides, I could only go into parliament by a piece of political trickery, and to trickery I will never descend. I possess no property qualification, and a sham one shall never be fabricated for me. But Hunt and the Spenceans are doing woful mischief, and I must be in town. There is no knowing what may happen."

Hunt and the Spenceans were indeed doing mischief. A meeting was held in Spa-fields on the 15th of November, to which Hunt and the Watsons went in carriages, with flags and cockades, and crowds

of Spenceans, who, it was said, had secretly agreed upon a plan for destroying the cavalry by murderous machines, smothering the soldiers in their barracks with brimstone as boys smother wasp-nests, surprising the Tower, and barricading London. To this meeting Hunt was drawn by the mob; and a more decisive meeting was to be held in the same place on the 2nd of December.

Philip found the Club in a state of great agitation, all highly incensed at the proceedings of Hunt, who, for the gratification of his vanity, was ruining reform. It was publicly talked of amongst the physical-force reformers, that a committee of public safety was to be formed after the Spenceans had struck the first blow; and, with the coolest assurance, they gave out that Sir Francis, the Major, Lord Cochrane, and all the leading members of the Club, were to be members of it. Philip reminded them that he had not failed, before leaving town, to warn them of

what the Spenceans were speculating upon, and that mischief would ensue; and now urged the Club to put out a decided protest against all such doctrines and attempts. But it was unfortunately contended that that would look like a split in the reform camp, and that Government was sure to take measures of repression. Philip energetically exposed the fallacy of this line of argument, the evil it must bring on legitimate reform and reformers, but he urged in vain. Time went on; the great Spafields meeting was held. A scene of dreadful confusion and riot ensued. The Watsons, father and son, came on the ground with a waggon loaded with arms and ammunition. Next an attempt was made to seize the Tower. The shops of gunsmiths were plundered for arms, and the youngest Watson shot a man in the shop of Beckwith, gunsmith, on Snowhill, and then made his escape. The father was taken, and Hunt, who was coming to the place of meeting with flying banners and

hallooing crowds, only escaped by being too late.

All London, all the country, was in a fearful alarm and ferment. The most atrocious designs were attributed to the whole body of reformers; and this alarm was seized upon by the ministers to crush reform altogether. Philip's campaign in the country was described as the most terrible, in the spirit and excitement which it had diffused, that ever had taken place since the days of Wat Tyler and Ket of Norfolk. That was precisely what Philip had warned the Club of, and which might have been averted by the adoption of his advice. The Government exhibited symptoms of redoubled harshness; the worst class of the incendiary rabble became so much the more embittered; and, to put the climax to the mischief, as the Prince Regent returned from opening Parliament, on the 28th of January, 1817, where he had been exhorting it to the utmost rigour and severity

against "the spirit of sedition and violence," and to put down those who were "perverted by the arts employed to seduce them," the mob surrounded his carriage with groans and hisses, and dashed in the windows with stones.

That was enough! The loyalty of the country was roused. The triumphant Tory faction grew rampant in its indignation; secret committees of both houses were appointed, and their reports, made in the middle of February, drew the most fearful pictures of the disaffection of the lower classes in both town and country. The Spafields meeting and its bloody designs were dwelt on in flaming colours, and the state of the manufacturing districts, especially those lying around Mansfield, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, Blackburn, Manchester, Birmingham, Norwich, and Glasgow, were represented as most gloomy and menacing. The Spencean Societies and Hampden Clubs were confounded

together, and denounced in one breath, as spreading their ramifications to almost every village, and aiming at "nothing short of revolution." The report of the Commons said, "Your committee cannot contemplate the activity and arts of the leaders in this conspiracy, and the numbers which they have already seduced, and may seduce—the oaths by which many of them are bound together—the means suggested and prepared for the attainment of their objects, the overthrow of all the political institutions of the kingdom, the subversion of the rights and principles of property—without perceiving that it must necessarily lead to general confusion, plunder, and bloodshed."

The immediate consequence was the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the passing an act to render illegal all public meetings, for imprisonment of all suspected persons without trial at the pleasure of the magisrates, with various other enactments of the most

arbitrary nature. In a word, the liberty of the subject was annihilated at a blow, and every man was at the mercy of the Government, or the next justice of peace. The most terrible panic seized on all prominent reformers—not a man felt himself safe. Lord Sidmouth sent out a circular letter to all lord-lieutenants and magistrates, informing them of their uncontrolled power to seize and confine any suspected persons, and to exercise the most unlimited power over the press. Prosecutions for libel were immediately numerous; and the great Cobbett fled, on the 28th of March, to America, as the only place of safety. William Hone continued to pour out his stinging and inimitable parodies, throwing upon the Government the most annihilating ridicule; and which were destined, a couple of months later, to lead to his celebrated trial.

But whilst the heads of the reform movement crept into retreat on the bursting of this terrific storm, the outraged people, seeing

no help but in themselves, and goaded by starvation, rushed forth in open riot and hopeless sedition. Public meetings being suppressed, the more private ones took place, and the more dangerous doctrines were broached. At Dundee, in November, there had been rioting and plundering of shops and houses. And now, at the very moment that these severe measures were passed, the poor ignorant weavers of the neighbourhood of Manchester determined to march up in many thousands to London, to demand reform and bread from the Prince Regent himself. On the 10th of March they assembled in St. Peter's Field, afterwards so celebrated as the Bloody Peterloo; four or five thousand men, half-starved, assembled, each having his blanket rolled up on his back, a bundle under his arm, and many of them their petitions in their hand. The meeting was dispersed by the magistrates, but about three hundred set out for London; but soon, subdued by hunger,

melted away on the road, some half-dozen of them only reaching Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.

Rumours of far more formidable attempts in Manchester, in Yorkshire, in Wales, and the midland counties, being in contemplation, were brought to town. It was said that in different towns the magistrates were to be seized, the prisons to be thrown open and the prisoners set at large, the soldiers to be burned in their barracks, and private property to be seized on as rightful plunder. It was but too probable. All sober reformers were awed into prudent silence; the Habeas Corpus Suspension was to continue till the 21st of July, and the desperate and lawless only were in agitation. Still darker rumours gained ground. That Government had sent out numbers of spies into these districts to goad the poor misguided wretches into the commission of open violence, that they might be crushed by the military. A meeting of the

Hampden Club was called in haste. The Major and Sir Francis attended. It was solemnly discussed what measures should be taken to avoid the impending catastrophe, and save the lives of the ignorant victims of Government art. It was resolved to send a circular to all the Hampden Clubs, to put them on their guard, but it was clear that this would by no means reach the extent of the evil. Those on whom the blow would fall were the more ignorant and lawless, but from them it would recoil on reform itself. There wanted men, active, intelligent, and prudent, who, at the imminent risk of their own persons or liberties, would go out to warn those whom it was the object of Government to tempt into open violence—to counteract, in fact, the seduction of the spies. But where were such men to be found? None could say. There was a long silence. Philip felt that he himself was one of those whom they had in their minds, and he did not shrink from the peril.

"I will go," he said, "for one. It was I who advised measures of warning before, and I shall not even now put any personal regard in competition with a sacred duty. To what part shall I direct my course?"

A weight of tons was evidently lifted from the hearts of the members. All seemed to breathe freely again, as if relieved from the presence of a nightmare.

"That is nobly said," observed Sir Francis; "but it is still no more than I reckoned on from our brave young friend. Mr. Stanton, you put your life in your hand, for I hear that all who dare now to agitate reform are threatened with charges of high treason; but I trust you will preserve your safety. In the meantime, I shall in Parliament firmly face my duty for the same end. May God go with you!"

The whole rose and thanked Philip, and shook him warmly by the hand. He was advised to hasten first to Nottinghamshire,

and so northward, as might seem most necessary. That night he was in the coach and on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

LAWRENCE was somewhat startled to see Philip walk into his cottage at Snenton on a sharp afternoon in March, the wind coming over the cliff to his door with that keen, hasky, and deadening feeling which belongs to that wind only, and which dulls our nerves and searches our whole frame with its remorseless influence.

"What!" he exclaimed, "abroad, as if there were no mischief in the air, and no spy or justice of peace on the alert to pick up agitators!"

"Just so," said Philip; "that is my voca-

tion, and the soldier does not shun the battle because there is danger. It is exactly because there is mischief in the air that I am come down here."

Lawrence shook his head.

"Come precisely into the lion's mouth. Why, the magistrates here, and especially the county ones, are as keen as mosquitoes before thunder. They are ready to pounce upon anyone who only stops to ask the price of a calf's head, for they think it means politics. But you, the great incendiary! Only walk up the High Pavement, and you'll be in the county jail in no time. Adam! Adam!" he called.

Adam walked in, looking pleased, but anxious, for he had already spoken with Philip.

"What was that you told me, Adam?" said Lawrence. "That spies were already down here inciting the people to open rebellion?"

"Too true!" said Adam. "I have seen

no less than three or four strange faces within these ten days, all telling one story. That the London people and the Yorkshire won't stand it any longer; they mean to be up and settle things for themselves. 'The pretended reformers,' they say, 'have all turned tail. Billy Cobbett, with all his bluster, is off to America; Burdett has skulked, and the rest of them. As for the vaunted Stanton, the Man of the People—where is he? Just no where at all,' they say. 'These are all moonshine heroes; the people must be up and do it themselves; seize the magistrates, smoke the red-coats, grab the property of those who have had it long enough, and every man enjoy his own.'"

"You heard that language?" said Philip.

"I have heard it repeatedly," said Adam.

"And to whom was it said?"

"To the Hampden Club here."

"And what said they?"

"Said it was the language of hangmen,

who meant to have their necks in a noose, and desired them to take themselves off, or they would denounce them to the magistrates."

"And what then?"

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'you call us the traitors, and the spies, and threaten to act the traitors and spies yourselves.' And they did take themselves off, but it was only to address themselves to others who listened eagerly. In a word, sir, things are at a pretty pass. There are thousands here who are ready for such advice, and the villains have been busy in the country, far and wide, amongst the more ignorant. They tell me at Sutton in Ashfield, ay, in Mansfield, Hucknall-Torkard, Bulwell, Basford, Lambly, Calverton, Beeston, Ilkiston, Heanor, all round the country, they have infected nearly every Hampden Club, and the members are all quarrelling amongst themselves which shall have the best estates in the neighbourhood, and which the lesser ones."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Philip, "can such folly exist? Can the people be so simple and so wicked? Adam! we must be out amongst them! We must undeceive them."

Adam shook his head.

"I fear, sir, that won't soon be done. The devil of greediness has got into stomachs that are only too thoroughly prepared for it by ignorance and hunger; and only some fearful tragedy, I fear me, will cast him out. It is dangerous to go amongst them. I have heard dreadful words used against you. To be seen going amongst them is dangerous to your liberty."

"Against me! why, what have I done? Have I not advocated their cause as far as legal measures go? And have they not hailed me as their best champion?"

"Ay, but they sing another tune now. They have been taught it by those who don't love you. It is because you endeavour to

keep the people within bounds, that these villains, who are trying to ruin them by luring them into rebellion, have industriously laboured to make you suspected. You, and Cobbett, and Sir Francis, and the Major are all represented as but Tories in disguise, doing the work of the ministers, by keeping them quiet till they are all dead with starvation."

"The miscreants!" ejaculated Philip; "but I cannot believe that things are so bad, so abruptly changed. I must go and see for myself."

"For heaven's sake," said Lawrence, "don't be so rash. Can you not believe Adam? Why throw your life away on such vermin?"

"But these vermin, Lawrence, are men; and their folly may and must implicate other men, and the cause of reform may be ruined for ever. Let no one trouble himself on my account, but I must go."

"Then I'll go with you," said Adam.

"That's a good Adam," replied Philip; "and first to the secretary of the club."

It was in vain that Lawrence expostulated, and told them they were running into prison headlong, for no mortal benefit to anyone; Adam appeared, buttoned up in his old thick drab great-coat; a large cotton handkerchief wrapped round his throat, and, with his sturdy stick in his hand, and out the two went together. Lawrence passed a wretched evening at home. He was precluded from taking any prominent part in political reform by his office. Though he longed as much as his friends to see the constitution restored to its true balance, and the people to prosperity, he must leave the work to others, or altogether abandon his own. He had no desire to do that, and he therefore must be passive. He had the most profound conviction of the danger of Philip at this crisis, and the whole evening he kept going out of the cottage, standing on the

edge of the cliff, and listening for the approach of the well-known footsteps below. First one, and then a hasty step came along from towards the town, but they hurried on in the sharp, searching night, and died away again. It was after eleven when Adam and Philip returned. They came in silently, and Philip sat down like one exhausted and stupefied.

"How is it, Philip?—how do you find things?"

"All mad! worse than mad!—possessed and fiendish! Heaven and earth! I could not have believed such a change possible in so short a time. Why, do you know, Lawrence, there are men, who were in a phrenzy of applause when I was here last, who now ground their teeth at me, and cursed me as a slave, a traitor, a tool of Government, and a devil. Such ignorance is worse than pitiable—it is actually frightful. We have been to the club. The chief members are

as staunch as ever, but there are traitors even amongst them; the best of them are overwhelmed with consternation and despair. The numbers who are infected with the notion of violence are awful. The emissaries of Government and Satan have been fearfully successful. Never in my life have I been subjected to such a fury of scorn, rage, abuse, and menace. The condition of the villages, I am told, is infinitely worse. The people are absolutely besotted and bewitched, and, if they break out, the consequences will be terrible. There will be an end of reform for half a century. But we must not suffer it without a struggle—we must warn them of the destruction they are pulling down on themselves."

"What!" exclaimed Lawrence, "will you venture among them again? Will you be as mad as they are?"

"To the last, the very last moment of my life I will venture!" cried Philip. "The

catastrophe must be averted, if possible. What matters a life or two? We must save thousands of lives, or what is the use of living ourselves?"

"Amen!" said Adam, and left the room.

Lawrence stood speechless for some moments; then said softly, "Mad, mad!—all mad together."

The next morning, when Lawrence rose, he saw the breakfast-table standing ready, but no Philip or Adam.

"Where are they?" asked he of Mrs. Criche, as she brought in the kettle.

"Gone, sir," she said, and her mouth began to tremble—"went before day-break; they are off into the country—they breakfasted at five o'clock."

She placed the kettle on the hob and hurried out. Lawrence sate down in a chair, and gazed into the fire. He sate long, in a profound silence; then, as if mechanically, rose, took the tea-caddy, put tea into the pot,

filled in water, placed himself at table, and, still as mechanically, took his breakfast; stirring his cup long—occasionally sipping from his spoon, pausing, with the spoon resting on the edge of his cup, for some minutes together; then suddenly devouring his breakfast in a hurry, took his hat and went out. It was three days before the wanderers returned. They had been round through all the villages, visiting the Hampden clubs, and everywhere they found a strange hardness, a strange revulsion. It seemed as if the devil of petrifaction had gone before them, and made every soul callous, sullen, and impenetrable. Argument was lost, or only showed its impression by exciting insult and taunt. When Philip asked them whether they really thought that they, without arms, without discipline, without money or ammunition, could compete with the army and the resources of England, they asked him how Cromwell did?—how the men of 1668 did? Some base fiends, all instructed

in the same shallow, but for these poor creatures sufficient, sophisms, had sown everywhere the same befooling poison. But Philip had not ceased to argue, expostulate, and explain. He had not disdained to enter the lowest haunts of sedition, to struggle with the humblest of the deceived. At Sutton-in-Ashfield, he had proceeded to a wheelwright's shop, where a secret meeting of the physical force men was held. He found them sitting over their pipes and jug of beer. To oblige them he took a pipe, though he detested tobacco, and joined in their health-drinking. He listened to the wretched songs of an old man, who, with a stiff fore-finger, which had received that rigidity from some accident in his trade, always seemed to be pointing to something in a perpetual emphasis. But when a little fierce-looking fellow, with a black beard, drank destruction to king and aristocrat, Philip said, "For shame, sir—what has the poor old king done to you?"

"He has done that," replied the surly insurrectionist, "that I would I had his head there!" At the same moment he whirled an axe that stood near, and, with a single blow, struck off the head of a dog that lay sleeping on the floor. All started up in horror. "What had my dog done at thee?" shrieked the old man with the stiff finger, seizing the grim-bearded wretch by the collar.

"Johnny Thacker," said the wretch, "take off thy hand, or I'll make another dog of thee."

The old man, trembling with rage and terror, withdrew his hand; and Brandreth, the man of blood, turning with an oratorical attitude and tone to the company, said—"To-day it is only a dog—wait a little, and there will be heads of another kind. There must be blood for blood!" And he strode out of the horrified company. The man looked, as he was, a monster—but little did the hearers think how much he was a prophet—little did

he dream himself of the sense in which his words were soon to come true.

Philip and Adam returned towards Snenton. As they were pursuing their way in the dusk of the evening across Bulwell Common, a few miles from Nottingham, they were overtaken by a gentlemanly-looking man on horseback. He was well mounted, and had the air of a man of the world. He had a smooth and rather handsome face, and he addressed the pedestrians in a friendly and courteous manner.

"Good evening, gentlemen—bound for Nottingham?"

"Just so," said Philip; and the stranger turned sharply towards him, observing:—

"I cannot be mistaken in that voice—that surely is Mr. Stanton?"

"That is my name," said Philip; "pray, whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"My name is Oliver," replied the stranger. "Mr. Stanton, you don't know me, but all

the world knows you. I have repeatedly had the pleasure of listening to your spirit-stirring harangues; but never was there need of such a trumpet-voice as now. The country is on the verge of eternal ruin. The Government has trampled on the last fragment of our liberties; no man is safe at home or abroad. We are come to this, that an Englishman may be snapped up and thrust into a jail without remonstrance and without remedy. Are we to submit to that? No, sir, nothing but a simultaneous, a universal rising, to crush the tyrants, can save us. As the men of the Commonwealth—as Cromwell, Hampden, Fairfax did, we must do now, or we are lost. I have been exerting myself to rouse the people from their fatal lethargy. But if you, Mr. Stanton, would but lift up your all-potent voice, the kingdom, that is, the working kingdom, would rise to a man; the tyrants would meet a deserved fate, and the Norman serfdom be at an end for ever. There must

be blood, sir, there must be blood, before we are men again, and the gospel of freedom be proclaimed, where the first shall be last, and the last first!"

Philip suddenly strode up to the speaker's horse, and, seizing it by the bridle, said, in a tone of deep excitement:—

"Let me look at you, sir, that I may know you again? You, then, are the Judas, the old serpent, that for the accursed bribe of a base Government are leading the simple people to their death—to the gallows or the block. You, assassin, are the devil incarnate that is seeking to deluge this unhappy country in blood—that have sold yourself to that work of damnation! May the curse of God alight on your traitor soul, for the blood of the innocent lies already there in the blackness of perdition. Go, sir!" he exclaimed, flinging loose the bridle rein, "lest I be tempted to rob the hangman of his due."

The stranger, with a face livid as death,

and trembling violently, stooped low as he dug the spur in his horse's flank, and, with a glance of dark fury, saying, "There'll come a time yet!" dashed forward through furze and broom, and was lost in the darkness; yet the hollow sound of his horse's feet on the sandy heath told that he was still going at a desperate speed.

"If the devil ever lived in the eye of man, he lives in that of yon scoundrel," said Adam. "Gracious God! how it went through me!"

Philip strode on in a tempest of emotion. He spoke not a word. The two went, and went at a rate that tired the legs and breath of poor Adam, till, as the lights of Nottingham began to appear, Philip, seeming to burst from a reverie, said:—

"Adam, hell is about that man! That was the most terrible moment of my life! I thank God that I did not strike him to the earth."

They again walked on in silence.

When they related this event to Lawrence, he turned pale.

"Philip, I tremble for you!" he said. "You have raised the devil of revenge in a base soul; he will not rest till he ruins you. What will not such a man do? And if he is, as you suppose, an emissary of Government, what on earth is to protect you? Lies, blackest calumnies, the vilest human vermin will be let loose on you! It is frightful to think of. God of mercy, be with us!" and Lawrence actually trembled with apprehension.

"No matter," said Philip; "these are not times to shrink. It is now, or never, that we must do our duty."

When Lawrence rose in the morning, he found Philip gone. A note was left by him on the breakfast-table, to say that he was gone by coach to Manchester. Lawrence rushed out to learn if Adam was gone too,

but there he sat, taking his breakfast in silence with his wife.

"What!—is he gone alone?" exclaimed Lawrence.

Adam could not speak. He shook his head, and clapped his handkerchief to his face, and sobbed convulsively.

"He is a doomed man!" muttered Lawrence, returning into the parlour. "Nothing can save him—but God," he added, after a pause.

There was a darkness lying on the cottage of the bird-fancier, such as never lay on it before. And yet the canaries sang loud and riotously, and no one noticed them.

When Philip reached Manchester, he found the same appalling change had preceded him. There was a broad, lowering gloom over the minds of the people. When Philip expostulated with them, they said, "You talk to us, will you fight for us?—that is the only thing. We must strike the blow!" In vain Philip

endeavoured to show them their folly—that the Government would crush them as a horse crushes ants on the road, and knows not of them. They were ready again with the serpent's breath that had been breathed into them. "Was that the way that Cromwell did—that Hampden did?"

"And are you Cromwells and Hampdens?" asked Philip, indignantly. "Where is your army of Ironsides—where are your experienced generals—your artillery—your ammunition—your everything?"

"Where?" said they, "everywhere. They are coming from the north in clouds—they are ready in the south in legions. You'll see one day, and then we shall know our friends—and our traitors too!"

"Ay, too surely!" sighed Philip.

He hurried to Middleton. Bamford was preparing to hide himself in the moorland hills. He said, since Philip left, he had been summoned to London, with other delegates

from the Hampden clubs, to petition Parliament in such terms for reform as should mark their constitutionalism. They had carried Lord Cochrane to the House of Commons on their shoulders, with their petitions. "But it is only worse and worse," said Bamford. "We became all marked men by it. Baggaley, Drummond, Johnson, and Benbow were already in prison, in London. Spies and informers are on the alert; king's messengers are coming and going; warrants are out; others are arrested; and it is time for every man to shift for himself."

He had had suspicious strangers come to him, informing him that a rising was on its eve in Manchester, to avenge the Blanketeers, to secure the soldiers and the magistrates, and seize the helm of affairs in that quarter. All the answer he had given to such invitations was, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" But it was the hour of darkness, and every wise man would hide himself from the bursting

storm." He and a strange-looking mortal, whom he called Dr. Healy, each with a clean shirt and stockings in his pocket, bade Philip a hearty "good-bye," after in vain inviting him to accompany them, and disappeared rapidly down a rough brambly lane, their hobnailed shoes clattering along the stone causeway, which ran on a raised ridge along its sides.

CHAPTER V.

PHILIP watched them with strange feelings, beholding the wisest and soundest-headed of the artisan reformers thus fleeing from the impending evil, and with a sad heart returned to Manchester. There he found letters awaiting him from the Club, instructing him to hasten, with all speed, to Glasgow and Paisley, where there was imminent peril of an outbreak; and informing him that Cleary was gone on the same errand to Newport, Merthyr-Tydvil, and the iron districts of Wales and Warwickshire. Philip was in the northern mail in half-an-hour.

When he reached the places indicated, he felt, rather than discovered, that there was a mine ready for springing under that populous neighbourhood. He had never before been there, and the habitual caution of the Scotch character stood like a veil or screen betwixt him and the disaffected classes. His credentials from the parent Hampden Club insured him respectful attention, but no confidence. When he attempted to draw from the persons to whom he had been directed by the heads of the Club any intelligence of the movements of the more determined reformers amongst the working-classes, he was answered, with "Na, na! the puir deevils are na' sae daft. Dinna believe it. We ken better hoo the land lies here away." Philip, however, left no exertion untried to penetrate into the real movements of the multitude. He went everywhere, and to every individual that he had a clue to. He talked with the people as he saw them in the

streets, or lounging on the Broomielaw, or on the Green of Glasgow, and in the thronged walks on Sunday around Paisley; but there was but one man, and that was Provost Browne, a Quaker and cutler, from whom he obtained a glimpse of genuine light. Provost Browne agreed with him that there was mischief brewing there as well as in England, "or what for these Highland regiments just marched into the town—eh, friend Stanton?" Philip had returned to Glasgow, and taken up his quarters at the Ptarmigan Inn in Gallowgate. Evening after evening he was amused to see the whole population of the streets, and lanes, and alleys adjoining, turn out into the open air—men, women, and children—and there stand and gossip till the dark drove them in. The whole street was regularly, evening after evening, one dense mass of lounging and gossiping people. It was like the life of a street in the Faubourgs of Paris, and Philip wondered whence the

similarity of habit sprung. But though he sat at his window looking into the street, he could catch no single word of a political nature. All seemed as quiet and slumbrous as a city of the ancient Danites, who lived at peace, "and every man did what was right in his own eyes."

The second day of his sojourn at the Ptarmigan, he was joined, in the ordinary room which all travellers used, by a gigantic Highlander, who was as fine a specimen of human nature as he had yet ever set eyes on. He was in the prime of life—tall, vigorous, and handsome. He was particularly frank and sociable in his manner. Announced himself to Philip, as they sat at dinner, as James Stuart, of the royal clan, and the landlord of the celebrated inn at the Trosachs. The word Trosachs to Philip, who was an ardent reader of Scott's metrical romances and the Waverley novels, was a spell which instantly arrested him. He began to express his admiration of them,

and his idea of the wonderful scenery and picturesque life of the Highlands. He could not have struck a chord that would have called forth so ardent a response from the heart of the Stuart. Two days that they continued to meet at different times at the inn had produced quite a zealous acquaintance. James Stuart taught the Southron to compound a glass of toddy to perfection, and he was eloquent in the praises of the hills and the heath, the ptarmigan and the red deer. "What! to be so near!" he exclaimed, "and not take a sniff of the mountain air? Not to have a climb to the summit of Ben Voirlich, or Ben Venue?" It was incredible! impossible! "Now, he had a nice bit nag, on which he brought down his cousin, Captain Stuart of Callander, and he wad hae infinite pleasure in his company to Ardkeancrochan, for that was the Highland name of his abode. He would send him down again to Glasga', and a gilly with him to ride the horse back."

Philip was profuse in his thanks for so friendly an offer, and never was so tempted in his life; but he candidly told his generous new acquaintance that he was there on a serious duty, no less than to persuade the discontented populace to keep the peace. The Stuart listened to him with a peculiar expression.

"And, by St. Mungo," he said, "my young friend, ye'll find it mair than ye hae strength for. They are a cursed cumstary crew,"—and added, "Keep aye clear frae them, for ye may get yoursel' into mischief. I can tell ye," he said, leaning on the table, "there are they folk come here who will take guid tent o' them—and my ain cousin of Callander is ane of 'em. The Highland chiels are here for that varra business."

"So, then," said Philip, "there is something astir, and it is known, too?"

"Ye may weel say that!" added the great, jolly Highlander. "Callander has his

e'e on them, and nae mony days will weer o'er before he will pounce on them like the eagles on the lambs of Balquhidder."

Whilst he was speaking, a waiter put a note into Philip's hand. It was from Provost Browne of Paisley, telling him, in confidence, that he had discovered that that very night there would be a gathering of the malcontents in St. Mungo's glen, just below the cathedral, and which must have been not far from where the statue of John Knox now stands in the Necropolis, and seems to threaten with destruction almost the only cathedral which escaped him while alive.

Philip read the note, and put it into his pocket as a matter of no particular interest. From what he had just learned of his companion's connection with the military, he deemed it prudent not to let him into the secret of this gathering. It only too well confirmed the intimation he had just given. But Philip determined to hasten to the place as soon as

it was dark, and give the wretched insurgents timely warning of their danger. The conversation went on, but it was chiefly on the side of the brave Highlander. He gave many traits and stories of Highland life and events, which at another time would have been to Philip like a page of the Great Unknown; but his mind was running on the danger of the radicals, and the doubts which crossed him of being able to impress them with the reality of their peril. His companion noted his wandering attention, and observed—

"But I weary ye."

"No," said Philip, "you have greatly delighted me; but, to tell you the truth, I cannot help feeling my responsibility towards these poor, misguided people, and the difficulty of preserving them from a delusion which must be fatal to them."

"An' their ain sense winna guide them, I'd just let 'em gang," said James Stuart, who rose, and said he would take a look in on his

friends. Philip, as the night drew on, took his way down towards St. Mungo's church, and waited the event.

For more than two hours he paced up and down the hollow by the side of a little stream, occasionally seating himself on some piece of an old wall which flanked it; but all remained still. No sound of footstep approaching in any direction fell on his ear, and he began to think that his informant had been misled. But about nine o'clock, as he was about to return towards the town, he heard a slight rustle behind him, and saw a number of dark figures stealing from different directions towards a particular spot marked by a very old and stumpy thorn-tree.

He cautiously moved forwards too, and fell into the circle which stood near the tree. Every moment the group enlarged, and was swelled by figures gliding from all sides. When several hundreds had assembled, a tall, thin man, who evidently had been seated at the

foot of the thorn, rose up, and a low whispered cry of "whist!" drew the attention of the throng. Philip, by having been out so long in the dark, could catch a dim perception of the kind of people, and of the tall man about to speak. He had begun :—

"Brethren, these are perilous times: sodgers and spies are about—" when Philip, intercepting him, spoke in a clear, but subdued tone :—

"Listen to a friend! The peril is nearer than you imagine: the soldiers may be upon you in a moment."

"Who is that?" demanded a dozen voices, in eager astonishment. "How comes the Southron here to-night?" There was a startled commotion, and the next neighbours of Philip seized him and said :—

"Who are ye? How cam ye here?"

"As I tell you," said Philip. "I have received information that your motions are watched, that your plans are known, and that

the soldiers may be down on you in a moment. I advise you to disperse with all speed."

There was a strange murmur through the dark assembly. "Hold the intruder!" it was cried, when in the same instant there came a singular rushing sound from all quarters. The men began to fly in every direction, but the next instant a loud military voice cried—"Stand! surrender! or you are dead men!" Instead of standing, however, the flight became only the more desperate. The dark, spectre-like figures ducked and dived amongst trees and bushes; there was a violent sound of scuffling, shouting, and heavy blows, followed by the flash and crack of fire-arms, the groans and curses of the soldiers and their captives.

Philip, like the rest, was rushing on in blind haste for a chance of escape from circumstances so suspicious, when he was clutched, as it were, by the hands of a giant—saw the huge figure of a Highlander towering

over his head, and heard him say, "Still noo, man! still! ye're my prisoner," and felt himself dragged with a rude velocity over stock and stone, and his captor and himself stumbling over loose pieces of crag, and then splashing through bog and water, and up steep banks, till they had left the confusion some distance behind.

"I kenned weel what ye were thinking o'," said a voice that sounded strangely familiar to Philip's ear, as they still hurried along towards the city; "and I thought I wad come to the rescue; but we maun rin for it."

"Can that be you, Mr. Stuart?" asked Philip, now struck with a strange consciousness that his captor was no other than his companion of the inn.

"It's nae ither," he said; "I jaloused that ye meant to warn the silly bodies to-night, and wad be like to be taken yoursel', for Callander had tauld me that he minded to be down amang them. So I just cam

alang wi' him and the soldiers to try and capture ye mysel'. It's lucked weel, and noo we maun ride for it. The horses stand ready saddled—the score is paid—and so, Mr. Stanton, ye're bound for the Heelands any gate."

The fine fellow laughed heartily at his feat; and Philip, who was making up his mind to see the inside of the Tolbooth, was in a tremor of astonishment and gratitude at finding himself setting out for a sharp ride into the hills. He could not find terms warm enough to thank his generous deliverer.

"And ye may ca' me that too," said the noble fellow, "for there's a hue-and-cry after ye—£200 set upon your head by Government; and Callander, who showed me the papers frae Government, will hope ye are amang his prisoners the nicht."

"Two hundred pounds offered for me!" said Philip; "and what for?"

"Ay, sure enough," said his captor—"for

raising the people in Nottingham and Manchester and ither places, and for a dangerous chiel. Halloo, out with the horses, Sandy, my man;" and a couple of horses were led from a yard in the outskirts of the town, a handsome bay, and a spirited little grey, which James Stuart bade Philip mount, and they rode away at an easy walk, as if in no haste on any account."

"But my portmanteau!" said Philip; "it has my name on it, and will betray me, if left in the inn."

"No," said his companion, "it has my name on it. I thought of that, and pasted my ain address aboon it; and it will find its way after us to-morrow."

"How thoughtful! how kind!" said Philip; "and you might have made 200*l.* of me!"

"And gone to the deil for it," added James Stuart. "Na, na, Stuart of Ardkeancrochan does na mak his money o' that gate."

They had now cleared the outskirts of the

town, and Stuart put spurs to his horse, and they rode at a brisk rate. The night was dark, but the horses knew the road, and went with a spirit which had the love of home in it. Philip could discern sufficient to see that they went at first through a flat, fertile country, then by degrees were cantering over black moorlands, and anon struck into a glen, and pursued it for a long time, and then again up steep and winding roads. It was after midnight when they drew up at a little road-side inn, and, after much knocking, roused a sleepy man, had their horses put up, got some oat-cake, cheese, and whisky, and went to bed. When Philip awoke in the morning, the scene from his window looked to him like a peep into another world. Nothing in all his past experience bore any resemblance to it. It was a fine April morning; the mists were curling up from the valley in which they lay, and a stream was leaping and dancing down it with

a noise, an impetuosity, and a flashing freshness which was wonderful. Huge craggy stones lay, flung as it were, all about its bed, amongst which the clear waters dashed and whirled, and ran on in riotous glee; and rocks and huge swelling hills, whose heads were lost in clouds, met his view down the glen, whilst upwards all seemed one piled-up confusion of crags, and green knolls, and hanging birch, and dark fir-trees. A woman, bare-legged, and with her petticoats draggled to the very knees in wet, was bringing up a couple of cows; and pigs and fowls, and black peat stacks, were the objects that fell under his eye near the house.

Philip hastily dressed and issued forth to find the sitting-room, for his bed-room was on the ground floor. There he found his brave Highlander in earnest talk with a man in a coarse plaid coat and waistcoat, and a coarse Glengarry cap, and that in a language as strange to his ears as the land-

scape had been to his sight. He was already in the Highlands, and that he knew must be Gaelic.

"Welcome to the Heelands!" said James Stuart, shaking him warmly by the hand; "and now, Donald, let us have breakfast."

Donald, who was the landlord, disappeared, and then James Stuart, casting a glance at the door, said, in a low, mysterious voice:—

"And what might be yer mither's name, sir?"

"My mother's name?" said Philip, wondering.

"Ay, just so," replied Mr. Stuart, with a look of steady inquiry.

"It was Eyre, sir. But how can that concern you?"

"Not me in the least," replied his friend; "but *you* greatly just now. Ye'll remember the 200*l.* I tauld ye of—so you're Mr. Eyre, ye ken—and of Stanton we ken naething ava."

"I comprehend," said Philip ; "how considerate!"

A tall, bonny-looking, fair, and blue-eyed girl now brought in the breakfast tray, and received some compliments in Gaelic from James Stuart, which made her blush brightly and smile delightedly, and evidently enter into the fun in a musical voice that made Philip long to know what it meant. But the breakfast he understood without an interpreter. There was splendid coffee, new-laid eggs, broiled trout, and oatcake, dried and crisped before the peat-fire, and butter yellow as crowflowers. Whilst they did justice to these luxuries, Philip saw the horses brought to the door, and they were once more soon on their way. We shall not attempt to describe their morning's ride. It was a world of enchantment to Philip, who scarcely knew himself, much less the scene—for his companion continually addressed him as Mr. Eyre, as he had done repeatedly at the inn in the hearing

of the people, and now evidently to accustom Philip to his new cognomen. Before them lay a wonderful chaos of mountains, whose sharp and peaked summits showed one behind the other in all the varying and exquisite hues which the distance and the atmosphere gave to them; here softly and brightly green, there dark and shadowy, higher up veiled in a soft haze, and showing through it in purest azure: higher up still, the clear sharp spires and strangely weathered and contorted shoulders of bare rock. Below they traversed wilds of dark heather, crossed rivulets of clearest water, careering over their stony beds and laughing and singing in the sunlight, amid drooping trails of heather and banks of the most wonderfully dyed moss, crimson and yellow, and grey, surpassing in vivid colouring and tinting anything that painter could conceive. And here were scattered little brown huts, with their curling smoke and their pleasant odour of burning peat—there a wide

sheet of tranquil water, lying amid the vast solitude, which was unbroken but by the bleat of sheep, or the twitter of the moorland lark. As they advanced, every step brought some name of magic to Philip's ear. That scattered hamlet, with its old school-house and its bell hanging in the wayside tree, was Aberfoyle; that little inn, the clachan where Bailie Nicol Jarvie did such valorous feats with the burning ploughshare; there, down the vale below, Loch Vennachar; to the left gleamed out a snatch of the waters of Loch Achray; yonder soared the conical height of Ben Lomond; and, rising an ascent in the heath before them, stretched the rocks and woods and magnificent mountains of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine.

Philip sate on his horse in inexpressible wonder.

"I could not have dreamed of scenes so inconceivably beautiful," he said. "What more could Paradise have been?"

James Stuart beheld the wonder and admiration of Philip with natural pride.

"Can you match that in England?" he asked, with a face full of pleasure, and an eye that gleamed like the distant waters.

"I have seen nothing like it," said Philip.

"And ye would have gone back without seeing this," he continued, laughing, "had it not been for me and St. Mungo."

They spurred across the grey moorland, crossed a rapid mountain stream at a ford, and, riding up a slope on which stood a good stone house, his companion exclaimed:—

"Welcome, Mr. Eyre, to Ardkeancrochan!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE place with this singular and euphonious name consisted of a good stone house standing on a rising ground at the foot of the mountains, and behind it no less than three Highland huts, one ranged behind the other. The house had no appearance of being an inn—James Stuart was a gentleman farmer; but the rush of visitants after the publication of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" had compelled him to furnish accommodation.

"I could na leave the people sitting on the brae, ye see," he observed. So he had built, he said, one new "stedding" after

another, and, last of all, "the big sclate hoos."

Philip was conducted to the best of the "auld steddings," in which Mr. Stuart made his abode, with his guns and his fishing-tackle. Low and smoky as the place was, it had a charm for Philip, with its peat-fire on the plain mud-floor, the little windows of four panes each, and the rustic furniture. He found a hearty welcome, and a plentiful table, and more of the mountain dew than he chose to encounter. Stuart showed his fishing-tackle, if he inclined to try a fly in the stream below, or in the lake; and guns, if he liked to climb the hills after a hawk or glede, for the grouse and ptarmigan, the roe and red deer, were all tabooed till August. He himself, he said, must attend awhile to some business. Philip, however, laid his hand on a copy of the "Lady of the Lake," and thought he would like to read it in the scenes which it celebrated. His host directed him

the way to the Trosachs, and told him he would find a good road following the margin of the lake.

We need not describe the wonder and delight of Philip as he entered those defiles, through which so many thousands since have passed in rapture. Those wild and thicket-draped rocks, those beauteous, hanging, and fragrant birches; those lofty steeps and shattered pinnacles of mountains gleaming above; those wondrous slopes of heather-like masses of richest velvet clothing the declivities of the defile; and then the enchanting lake, with its deep, translucent water, its woody and craggy island, and all the varied witchery of towering mountains, shadows, bays, and nooks, and forest dells which hemmed it in. It was a miracle of beauty, that left him no terms capable of expressing it. He could only say, as he had said to his host, "What could Paradise have been more?" He wandered along the road, cut along its craggy margin in

silent admiration; he opened Scott's poem to speak in more eloquent language than that of his own thoughts; but it seemed poor in the presence of that greatness—it faded before the indescribable original.

As Philip sate thus, he heard the rapid approach of a horseman, the hoofs of his steed beating sonorously on the hard rocky road, and in a moment a Highlander, mounted on a white pony, shot round a corner of crag, and, perceiving Philip, drew in his rein with such abruptness as threw his pony on its haunches. The act betrayed a sense of danger from some cause, but the next moment he again put on the animal, and saying "good-day" to Philip as he passed, continued his way at full speed. The circumstance struck Philip as something in one of the novels of the "Great Unknown"—he wondered what could be the meaning of it; but he continued his ramble, and other objects of interest caused him to forget it.

Philip returned in the evening to his new home, where he was welcomed by the radiant face and cordial voice of his generous host, who listened to his expressions of admiration of the scenery with undisguised pleasure. He made the evening pass rapidly with stories and descriptions of Highland life. A piper, who was one of his herdsmen, was called in, and played many a pibroch and stirring martial air, bringing back over Philip's mind all the strange and half-savage, and yet poetic, life of the Scotch romances.

At bed-time he was conducted to the "great sclate hoos" in front, his host telling him he would have it all to himself, though in a few months it would be crammed with visitors from top to bottom. Wearied with his late hurried journeys, and his broken rest on the night of the surprise in St. Mungo's church, Philip was soon in a sound slumber, but out of which he was startled about midnight by a most terrific noise. It seemed to him as if a

band of men had burst into the house, and that there was a fierce struggle and contest going on. There was the sound of blows, as if the invaders of the place were battering in a door with a sledge-hammer, and a din of contending voices full of furious passion.

In a moment it rushed over Philip's mind that his enemies were upon him. That the reward had hounded them on his track. That letters to him at the inn had identified him; that the groom who had seen him go off with the host of Ardkeancrochan had betrayed him, and that his generous friend was now doing battle in his defence. He sprung from his bed, threw on his clothes in trepidation, felt for the door, for he had no means of getting a light, and, finding it, turned the key in the lock. He thought in the next moment to rush down-stairs, but he had no arms; his pistols were in his portmanteau, left behind, and he could only await the event in anxiety and darkness.

The conflict, however, was continued some time. The din of voices, and the furious clatter of blows grew louder and more furious; but the language was that of Babel to him—he could not catch one intelligible syllable. At length, however, it grew fainter, retreated from the house, died away, and all was silent. Philip expected every minute that his host would, if victorious, hasten up to assure him that all was safe; but no one came near him—all remained as silent as the tomb, and, at length, he turned into bed and fell fast asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, the sun was high; he looked out—all was strange, new, and beautiful as the day before. All calm, too, and basking in profoundest peace. The trees were quivering, the waters flashing in the sun, and cattle were seen tranquilly grazing on the heath.

When he descended, there was his host, with the stature and presence of a prince of

old romance, and a face and voice of jovial welcome waiting him to breakfast.

"Were you alarmed last night by that drunken riot?" he asked.

"To tell the truth, I was," said Philip. "I thought the Philistines were upon me. So it was only a drunken brawl?"

"Nay, it was mair," said James Stuart, laughing; "but if it had been any foes of yours, ye need na have been alarmed. I would have stood to the death for ye. I minded ance to go up an' tell ye that it was only some drunken gaugers, but ye seemed all still, and I thought might perhaps be sleeping through it all."

"Gaugers, were they?" said Philip.

"Ay, gaugers—excisemen," said the host; "and they found their match in the maid there, who is just gone out. You see, there are private whisky stills up about here in the hills, and the neighbours dinna care to betray them, for we get gude whisky and cheap, and for the

rest they are good fellows. Well, the gaugers got wind of one up the side of Loch Katrine, and a gude neighbour of mine galloped up yestreen to warn the poor fellows the gaugers were coming."

"Ah! that was he on the white pony, then," said Philip. "Now I perceive why he started so when he saw me sitting on the rock by the lake."

"So ye saw him!" replied the host; "that was it! Douce Caumel was in time to warn them. The men buried the still and malt under the heather, loaded the whisky kegs on a cart, thrust it into a narrow place between the rocks, and flung heaps of heather over it. But how to get it away before to-morrow, when the gaugers wad be sure to find it by daylight? The only road was over the door-stane here, and the gaugers cam ben to keep watch all night. Mary wad pit them in the auld stedding behind; but no, the canny fellows wad nowhere but into the sclate hoos

to the fore, where they could throw up the windows and keep tent on all that passed. Mary brought the whisky, but as she past frae the hoos to the stedding, ane o' the smugglers beckoned her, and prayed her to pick a quarrel wi' the gaugers, and make a noise whilst they drove past with the whisky. So Mary soon gave them a saucy word; the gaugers took fire, having already plenty of whisky in them. Mary has a smart tongue, and kept up the game finely, till they were a' shouting, storming, hammering on the table wi' their neeves and stoups thegither, and the smugglers were ga'en by!"

"The smugglers got off with their cargo," said Philip.

"Deil they did!" added the host, rubbing his hands, and luxuriating in the fun; "and the plaguy gaugers are doun the glen after the cart like wud bears, but the whisky was sicker enow before daylight."

Philip himself could not help sympathizing

with the adroit smugglers, nor could sufficiently admire the wit of the maid.

After breakfast his host invited him to a ride, and they made a long round amid glens and mountains, along the margin of lakes and careering streams, and halted at the door of many a Highland farm, where James Stuart held a chat in Gaelic with the people, which appeared highly to divert them, and which, he told Philip after, was about the defeat of the gaugers. They extended their ride to the town of Callander, that Philip might post letters to town, to apprize the Club, and to Nottingham, to apprize his friends of the events of the last few days, and of his new name of Charles Eyre. The next day brought up his portmanteau, but not a symptom of suspicion of the real whereabouts of the valuable Philip Stanton, with 200*l.* upon his head for the winner.

In due course came letters to that address, expressing the anxiety of his friends and

colleagues on his account when the proclamation came out, and when they had seen the account in the papers of the capture of several men at the nocturnal meeting at Glasgow, at which "Stanton, the arch-agitator," was represented to have been, but to have escaped. Numbers, it was added, were after him, but many of the newspapers expressed their belief that he would not be taken. That the offer of the reward was but a blind, and that he was a traitor in league with Government to excite the ignorant masses to their destruction. At this imputation, Philip felt struck to the heart with an agony of indignation. What! he a traitor!—he an Oliver! Was this the reward of his endeavours to save the deluded populace from their real traitors?

He wrote to Lawrence in the agony of his heart, begging him to tell him whether the public at large appeared to credit the diabolical aspersion. Till Lawrence's reply arrived, which was nearly a fortnight, Philip lived in a

torture of suspense and agitation. It was in vain that the kind host of Ardkeancrochan did all in his power to cheer him. That he ranged the hills and glens with him—took him to various families in the country round, where he was most hospitably entertained—where the traits of Highland life that he saw and heard would, in any other mood, have intensely interested him—where he could see the great red deer come out on some lofty rock as he sat at dinner, or the roes scud across the glade at their approach. To him now all the novelty and beauty of the Highlands were dead, unseen; and when his friend's letter arrived, it by no means brought relief. He attributed the insinuations against him to the real spies themselves. He had, he said, warned him that after his outbreak on Oliver, that villain would find the means of some fiendish vengeance, and this was it. To the same source he attributed the Government offer of 200*l.* for his capture. Thank

Heaven, that was only extended to his capture within one calendar month, no doubt for the purpose of all the more stimulating the search for him.

Whatever it cost his feelings, he must endeavour to support the trial with patience. On no account must he venture from his concealment. Painful as it was to report it to him, the devilish calumny had taken possession of the reformers themselves. The ultras were furious against him; and he was grieved to learn, through Adam Criche, that even the more temperate and better-informed members of the Nottingham club were infected by it. How came it, they asked, that he was taken at the night meeting at Glasgow—and yet was, by some mystery, let go again? How came it that he knew of the meeting, when it had only been confided to the sworn brethren? How that he declared the soldiers were coming, but only at the very moment that they made their appearance? If he were honest, how

came it that he had given no explanation of these matters to the reform public, though he kept secret the place of his retreat? These reasonings were industriously propagated, and were received with avidity by the multitude. The rage against him was become as general and as intense as the admiration and applause had been before.

"But this," said Lawrence, "is but the old story of popular feeling from the foundation of the world. All great bodies had felt its weathercock changes, from Aristides and Cicero to Philip Stanton. He had only to lie still awhile, and the current would be running as fast the other way."

But to lie still under such charges was to Philip impossible. Death was to him preferable to such dishonour. He announced to James Stuart that he would at once hasten to London, and give himself up to Government. He would demand a trial, and dare his enemies to support one of their slanders.

The Club would defend him—his correspondence with them would amply vindicate him.

But the clear-headed Scotchman assured him that he would only thus rush into the jaws of destruction. He would be seized by some gold-hunting spy or traitor before he was out of Scotland.

"I have not told you," he said; "but there has been a cunning varlet here already, bringing the letters addressed to you at the Ptarmigan in Glasgow, and wanting to see you."

Stuart had assured him that if he wanted that gentleman he must go towards England, for he had been heard of passing the Border. The greedy scoundrel had gone off on a wrong scent, but plenty of other such were on the watch; he might as well expect to pass through flame without burning, as to go far unarrested by these fellows. "Lie still," he said, "at all events, till the term of the reward is out. Ten days more, and the temptation will cease."

There was truth and wisdom in the brave man's words; but though they made Philip pause, they did not abate the agony that burned like fire through his whole being. He wrote a most indignant and eloquent denial of these vile calumnies, attributing them to the enemies of reform, and declaring that nothing but the certain knowledge that his appearance would insure his seizure and the smothering of his voice in a prison kept him back. He called on the central club to do justice to his character and acts. His vehement protest appeared in the newspapers; his appeal to the London club was righteously and frankly answered. There was a certain amount of reaction amongst the more generous and wise of the public; but the secret foes as assiduously renewed the attacks on him, distorting, perverting, and falsifying his words, and the ignorant and starving millions still believed the calumny.

Scarcely a day had passed beyond the

month to which the reward for his apprehension extended, when Philip took his leave of his generous host and friend, in spite of all his remonstrances, and set out southwards. Stuart accompanied him as far as Edinburgh; conducting him by secret and unfrequented ways, and then with the deepest emotion bade him adieu, saying :—

"An' if they dinna treat you well in England, or ye are in jeopardy, come back to the Heelands—there's a hame and a safe retreat for ye, as lang as James Stuart has ane."

Philip pressed the hand of the warm-hearted Scot with the expressive sensation that could find no vent at his lips, and boldly took his seat on the mail, disguised as an artisan.

He reached Nottingham in safety; not a single person challenged him; but there he was doomed to feel the most excruciating humiliation. He privately visited the club, and received the coldest reception. There were

some who openly avowed their belief of all that had been charged against him, and on whom his clearest explanations fell like so much dust on a pavement, to be whisked away by the next breeze. There were others who coolly thought there still wanted much clearing up.

Oliver, he found, was still in the neighbourhood, occasionally living openly at the Black-a-Moor's Head, the first inn in the town, and flocked to by hundreds.

Time after time Philip ventured to present himself to different radical meetings, which, of course, were held in secret, and was received not only with contempt, but open and howling execration. Every vile name of traitor, seducer, paid spy was heaped upon him with scorn and coarsest insult. Adam Criche, who had done courageous battle for him everywhere, protested that they were a doomed and infatuated set of idiots, who would come to destruction, and

were fit for nothing else. He was, in consequence, become scarcely less unpopular than Philip.

The effect of this most ungrateful and barbarous treatment, acting on a mind already deeply wounded and tried, was to throw Philip into a mood of deep melancholy, and to lay him prostrate in weakness and despondency. He believed himself, like his father, marked out for a martyr to duty, and he prayed that he might die. He was, however, surrounded by a knot of tried friends, who exerted every possible means of medical aid and affection to support his spirits, and blunt the bitterness of his mortification.

Lawrence, Adam, and his wife, and the two Miss Ottiwells, made up that little world which, when treachery, ingratitude, and baseness have been sifted out by calumny and misfortune, and when indifference and ignorance have been tossed over the sieve as chaff, remains ere long to convince the

sufferer that this little world is worth more than all the rest; is the quintessence of life, redeeming all the rest by its taste of heaven. It was at Lawrence's where Adam was his constant attendant, reading daily the newspapers to him, and talking with him on political matters—for he still hung with deep interest on the movement of the world that had rejected and trampled on him.

Lawrence read the Scriptures to him, and besought of him to remember how Christ, our great example, had been treated; and the Miss Ottiwells came or sent daily, also providing him with jellies and nice things, and the newest books, which they left for Adam to read to him when no one else was there. They talked with him of their schools, and told him of the oppositions they had encountered, of the slanders they had undergone, in endeavouring to rescue and reform the fallen of their own sex—slanders most painful to women—and yet how they had been

borne through all, and found abundant consolation in the good they saw ensuing. Jane, with her fund of wit and humour, said, that she would lay a wager that in less than three months she should see the whole weathercock family, called legion, running after him, and shouting after him as their political saviour, as she had seen them the last summer on the Forest. That, said she, by-the-bye, had been very near Gallows-hill.

At such sallies even Philip could not avoid a melancholy smile, nor yet feeling for the time a cordial that ran with a faint sweetness through his heart. But in his weakness he recurred, with a heavy brooding sentiment, to the ruin of his affections.

No doubt, he thought, these last atrocious detractions had reached his lost friends, and added a needless finish to their opinion of him. He had received a letter, too, from Mr. Corbyn, the secretary of Jeremiah Sterland, which informed him that that simple

man was still in India, but had written to say that he had procured Philip a very fine appointment, and had written to him, before he left, to inform him of the fact, and to desire him immediately to go up to town, and take possession of it. He was all amaze that the letter had never reached, and declared that on his return he would search that circumstance to the bottom.

This was another extraordinary proof of the daring power that had been exerted to crush Philip's connection with the Peters family, and to crush him altogether, by whom there could be no doubt. With that knowledge, Philip felt within him a vigorous longing for the return of the robust-minded and influential engineer. Then he had a strong assurance that the mystery of iniquity would be revealed, the burrowing foe be dragged into the light.

Lawrence Hyde united heartily in that belief; it was a gleam of light in the now

almost universal darkness. He seized on that belief to raise the spirits of his friend. The rest of the faithful little band earnestly fanned that little fire of anticipation; and, with that one mustard-seed of comfort, we must now shift our scenes for a little while—take a side peep at other life—in the words of the Biblia Populorum, "Turn o'er the leaf and see."

CHAPTER VII.

On that ancient and once charming forest of Sherwood, which, in Robin Hood's day, stretched its army of oaks from Whitby, in Yorkshire, to the town of Nottingham, but now stripped of its pleasant trees, and broken up by the plough, there lies, some three miles or so from the town of Mansfield, a farm called Bull's Farm. It was then an expanse of naked fields, divided by posts and rails, which protected young springing hawthorn hedges, speaking of recent inclosure. Why it should have been inclosed at all, except for the growth of larch trees, to which so much of

the old forest had been appropriated, it was difficult to say; for it was a succession of sandy swells, and sandy vales, running like succeeding waves, and all burning in the sun on a summer's day, with a hungry drought, which seemed to defy the most daring attempts at growth of crops.

But perhaps it was this very unpromising aspect of sandy sterility which had occasioned two young men of capital to make an agricultural experiment upon it. They were proud of their knowledge and skill, and certainly there was no ground better calculated to exhibit it. If they could raise crops there, they could raise them anywhere; for it was very much the same thing as cultivating a sea strand.

They had, whatever were their views, taken the farm from the Duke of Portland, and were exceeding busy in spreading over it boat-loads of bone manure, having a plain conviction that everything less enduring would be absorbed

and gone, like the passing shower in that hungry sand. Heavy sums must they have paid on that expensive fertilizing medium alone, and on fine March mornings their teams were jingling, and their ploughmen whistling over the lea, if so it could be called, of this arenacious desert, when up trotted to the bare brick farm-house a little spare man in a brown suit, rusty brown woollen stockings, and stout hobnailed shoes, and mounted on a little spare shambling pony.

Being introduced to the presence of the two amateur young farmers, he produced an ominous looking book, took thence a piece of paper, and saying, "Poor's-rate, gentlemen," handed it to the nearest.

There was a solemn pause, such as is generally observed on the presentation of such agreeable documents, and then an emphatic exclamation—"Poor-rates! sixteen pounds!"

"Just so," said the man, drawing himself a chair.

The paper was handed by the one who received it to the other, in fact—by Mr. North to his partner, Mr. South, who looked hard at it, and handed it back again.

"That surely includes arrears," said North, "and we ourselves have but just entered. We were informed there were no arrears."

"No, no more there is," said the overseer; "its quite reg'lar—new rate, gentlemen."

"What! sixteen pounds already."

"Just so," added the little man, looking quite tranquil; "and I shall be here again in a fortnight for sixteen pounds more."

"What!" exclaimed North; "what!" echoed South; "sixteen pounds a fortnight! That can never be—you are joking, sir."

"Nay, these ar'na joking times," said the man; "what I tell ye's fac."

"But what does it mean?" cried the astonished young farmers. "Sixteen pounds a fortnight for poor-rates!—such a thing never was heard of anywhere."

"'Praps not, except in Suttoney-Ashfield parish," said the stoical officer; "but it's yeard on often enough around here."

"Sutton-in-Ashfield!" exclaimed North and South, with faces of the most inconceivable terror. "Sutton-in-Ashfield! but what have we to do with Sutton-in-Ashfield—we're three miles off?"

"Ay, three miles off, true enough, as my old pony knows to his cost, but in Suttoney-Ashfield parish nevertheless."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed North and South, gazing on each other in consternation, "that we should never have inquired about the parish. But who could have dreamed of Sutton-in-Ashfield? We thought it was in Mansfield parish."

"Luck to you if it had bin," said the man, with his brown unmoved face, "luck to us as it isn't. But now let me have th' munny, for if ony o' the other farmers has had a glimpse

o' me, they'll be out hiding in the plantations, or gorse covers, or somewhere."

"But you don't mean to say that 16*l.* a fortnight will be always wanted?"

"Allis, every fortnight," said the man; "and mun be peed down punctual, too. We canna do wi'out it. We are torn to pieces nearly by a flock of ravenous wolves, as I may say."

"But, my good man!" said South, "we pay but ten shillings an acre rent for this land, and your 16*l.* a fortnight will come to a pound an acre—twice the rent. It can't be paid. It would be ruination."

"But it mun be paid," said the man, "as long as you stay o' the ground, and that'ull be accordin' to the length o' yer purse. It hasna ta'en long to clean out those afore yer."

"But how do farmers pay at all?" exclaimed North.

"That is na' my consarn," said the man;

"but there's plenty o' farms lying idle along this hungry forest—more's the pity for Suttoney-Ashfield. But come, gentlemen, cash up. It mun be done sooner or later, and I canna' stey no longer."

With a very downcast and melancholy air South fetched his cheque-book, gave an order on Maltby's bank in Mansfield, for which the old man returned a receipt, and, carefully depositing the cheque in his pocket-book, departed—leaving a silence in the house as if a Friend's meeting was being held there.

North and South had a sufficient notion of their agricultural science, but how to pay 208*l.* a-year rental, and 416*l.* a-year for poor-rates alone, independent of all other rates and taxes, out of that hungry and thirsty sand, surpassed their calculations. They stood for some time watching the little brown man on the little shambling brown pony, as he trotted away, slapping one gate after another after him, as with a sort of secret satisfaction that

here was a capital hawl for some time at least for that unfortunate Sutton-in-Ashfield, from Bull's Farm.

As he disappeared in a hollow, they returned to their room, sate down in their chairs, and gazed in silence on that just vacated by the little brown man with the capacious demands, as if they still saw the awful apparition there. After two minutes' silence North ejaculated, "Sutton-in-Ashfield!" and South re-echoed "Sutton-in-Ashfield, of all places!" "But that will never do!" they chimed in simultaneously. "Was there ever such luck? Why, it would ruin the Duke of Portland himself!"

After a long and lamentable pondering on this thunderbolt of a catastrophe, they began to congratulate themselves on the fact that they had not taken a lease. But for one year they were in for it, and they pulled out their new account-book, counted up all they had already paid, and all they had engaged to pay.

Oh! those bones, what a sum they had cost!—and more ordered! It made their own bones ache. They calculated what the crops might possibly fetch, and struck a balance to see whether it would be the least loss to stop plough, stop team, and let the farm lie unoccupied, and so get rid of the poor-rates, or continue sowing and bear the brunt of the year. But a little reflection reminded them that they had occupied, and crops were springing, and that for six months, at least, they were bound to pay rates. The prospect was appalling, and they sunk again into a fresh silence.

"But," said North, "we must go down to this accursed Sutton. We must see what they are doing, and whether we cannot pull down the rates a little."

"That's right," said South; "but all the world knows this Sutton. A population of four or five thousand, and almost every man a stockinger. Now trade is bad, I'll warrant

almost every man is on the parish. By jingo! this is the most confounded trap that ever men fell into with their eyes open. Sutton-in-Ashfield! the devil!"

On the following weekly pay-day at Sutton workhouse, South and North rode thither, resolved to put on the screw, and pull down the rates with a stiff hand; but as they approached the workhouse they were astonished to see a crowd of at least a thousand paupers besieging the door, and still the stream of people was flowing thitherward.

As they rode past to take their horses to a public-house, they scanned the waiting multitude. There were men lean and ragged, and still more gaunt women with children in their arms. Such a mass of poverty and misery, and riot and impatience, they had never seen or even imagined. As the overseer had said, they looked like a herd of ravening wolves. They were thundering on the door for it to be opened—they were talking in a loud and con-

fused Babel of tongues altogether; and, as the two young men rode by, some of them exclaimed :—

"There go the fat caterpillars, stuffed with their beef and bacon till they are fit to burst. I wonder they dunna break their hosses' backs. What a shame! Arn't men men? and isn't the world as much arn as thearn?"

"Ay, but we'll alter all that," cried a voice from the crowd near the door; "we'll have turns about. These beef-eaters have had their turn long enough. Turn and turn about, that's fair, lads, I think, eh?"

"Ay, ay, that's it!" shouted the ragged rout; "that's the eleventh commandment!"

The two farmers looked in an awful sort of wonder at each other, and when they had ridden a little way out of the throng, one said :—

"Did you ever see the like? Why, that's a hungry wolf-pack, that would eat up a hundred forest farms! Goodness! what a look-out!"

They put up their horses, and made their way into the workhouse by a back-door. They found the little brown man, with two or three farmerly-looking men, with their books spread before them, and about to commence the business of paying the paupers. One man had a heap of silver and copper behind a screen, lest the sight of it should madden the hungry crowd, and they should rush in and scoop it all up. Outside, the hum and roar, and occasional battering on the door, continued.

"Why, gentlemen," said North, "you have a perfect riot to-day. Is it safe without a few soldiers?"

"It's the reg'lar consarn," said the overseer; "it's no worse nor usual. There's Welsh malitia at Mansfield — we can soon ha' 'em if we want 'em; and very likely we may want 'em pretty soon, for they're grown uncommon audacious lately; and that Jerry Brandreth wunna rest till he gets his neck stretched. He's the ringleader of 'em a';

he's the devil of a man, he is; I never seed his feller."

"And who's Jerry Brandreth?" asked South.

"You'll see in a minit," said the overseer. "Oppen the door, Mister Bullock, and let us, or rayther *them*, begin."

A large, determined man, having the air of a gentleman farmer, then drew a stout bolt from across the door, turned the key, and the door flew open with a bang against the wall. A rush of people burst, or, rather, were forced headlong into the room, and South and North saw, with a lively satisfaction, that a strong railing ran across it, which stayed the impetuous press midway. A mass of lean and excited faces appeared above the bar, and, amid the most chaotic din, the overseer shouted, or rather shrieked:—

"Silence! — silence there! you d——d scamps — silence!—be decent! How d'ye think business can be done wi' all this thunner and noise?"

But there appeared just as much prospect of silence as there does in the height of a tempest, when the waves are sweeping in huge solid masses of blue water over the bulwarks of a ship, the wind is roaring in the shrouds, and the thunder is bellowing above all. The little overseer continued to shriek—the stout farmer to make energetic signs for quiet; but there appeared no hope of it, for some at the bar were bawling, "Gi' me my pee and let me go!" and others were screaming, "Keep back behind there—you're scrougeing the life out of us agen the rail!"

The din and commotion seemed to grow only the fiercer, when a short, thick-set young man, with a very black beard, turned to the crowd and shouted:—

"Silence, my friends!—silence!"

"That's Jerry!" bawled twenty mouths at once, and gradually there *was* silence.

"Well, now," said the overseer, "what's your name there?" pointing to one of the men wedged against the bar.

"Stop!" said the man with the black beard, whom we had heard was Jerry Brandreth, and of whom we are destined to hear again. "Stop!" and all eyes of the ratepayers were fixed on the face of this man, which was very regular, and even handsome, in feature, but with a most daring and ferocious expression.

"Now, my man," said the overseer, angrily, "we canna be interrupted with your prate—we have had enough on it aforetimes. There's no time for speechifying, if we are to pee th' hauf o' these people. So have done; there's hauf-a-crown for you, and be off."

"But I tell you," said the man, audaciously, and with an oratorical air, "I am come to be heard, and I will be heard!"

"Howd yer tongue, fellow—you shanna be heard; tak' the money, and be off."

"I tell you," returned the man, "I mean to speak, and here are a thousand men at my back that will see that I am heard!"

"Bravo, Jerry!" shouted the throng.

"I am cum here to tell you, Mester Skinflint, that we don't mean to go on any longer with this starvation system. What's your two shillings or half-a-crown a-week for starving families? It just keeps soul and body together, and that's all. We are in hunger's purgatory every day, and all day long. We won't have it any longer! The poor-rates are as much the poor man's 'heritage as the grand halls and fat meadows are the soil-lords—they are ours, and we'll have 'em. I, Jerry Brandreth, tell you for all here, and for all England, we'll have our patrimony an' our right, while there's a sheep or a pig, a grain of wheat or a blade of grass left. That's our right, and we'll have it, sir. So now cash out, at the very least, ten shillings to a single man, seven to a woman, or a pound to every family. That's the resolution we'n come to, and we'll have no more of your put-offs. Don't you see these starving folks?

Don't you see famine in their cheeks and their eyes?—and 'atomy figures, that are mere rags and tatters, and not stall-fed, full-stomached fellows, like you o' that side th' bar. Aren't these men and women?—aren't they flesh and blood?"

"No, we arn't!" shouted some behind. "We've nether flesh on ar bones, nor blood in ar veins; we are nought but 'atomies fit for th' doctors!"

"And that's true," said Brandreth; "do you hear that, Mester Skinflint? Down with the dust, then, for we can't wait. The children are crying and famishing at home."

"And that's no lie!" shouted again the fierce mob at the door. "Be quick! be quick!"

The overseer, taking no notice, continued to look in his book, place piles of pence and silver on the table beside him, and then again said:—

"You, Aaron Smith, take that, and get out

at th' back door. You, Hardmett, and Wagstaff there, take your'n. Take it, I say," speaking now in an angry manner; but no one touched it.

"It's no go, my man!" said the daring-looking Brandreth; "we're all agreed—we won't take it."

"Then go, and be d—d to you!" shrieked the overseer.

A new and more terrible commotion followed; and North and South expected that the desperate mob would tear down the house and carry off the money, and perhaps murder them into the bargain. They, therefore, spoke hastily to the gentlemen — telling them that they had better give something more than usual, in order to get rid of the rabble, and take means of defence against them next week.

"But," said the overseer, "we have na gotten it to gie."

"Tell them, then," said North, "that you

have not got it, but that by next week you will be better prepared."

There seemed no other alternative; so, with much difficulty, silence was obtained, and Mister Bullock, as he was called, told them that he was really sorry for them, but that they could do no more than they could. That they could not draw blood out of a rock, or milk out of a tree. They had just enough to pay the usual account, but next week they would be better prepared.

"Ay, prepared with soldiers, eh?" exclaimed Brandreth. "Prepared with bayonets and balls, eh? No, no—nothing like time present. Flummery won't do."

The noise and clamour were beginning again, when North shouted out:—

"Now, my good men, hear reason! I am new here, and I'll tell you what. I and my partner, who have just taken a farm on the Forest, have determined to give it up again. The poor-rate of this parish would take up

more than it would bring. Now, you see there's reason in roasting eggs. You cannot get more than there is. It's a bad case for you, I grant you, but it's as bad for us, too; and if still more is paid, you will have more farms thrown up, and then God help you!"

These remarks seemed to make an impression. There was a general mutter and conference in the crowd, and at length there was an earnest talk with Brandreth, or the captain, as they called him, and he turned and said:—

"Well, we'll take the usual dole this week, and starve on it. But remember, next week, you keep faith, or we'll keep faith, and take it for ourselves where we can find it."

Without noting the threat, the payment was now commenced in earnest, and continued all the afternoon. Whilst it was going on, North and South consulted with the workhouse committee on the extraordinary state of

the parish, and demanded who this Brandreth was.

"A most audacious character," said the gentlemen; "a lawless, insolent demagogue, and revolutionary firebrand, that not only leads the people in bravadoing the parish, but in filling their heads with the most seditious ideas. He is the chairman of the Hampden Club here, and has marked out Mr. Unwin's hall for his own share of the public plunder —and he isn't properly of this parish either."

"Not of this parish!—and you tolerate him?"

"Ay, for he defies us."

"But don't you know," said North, "that a very stringent law of settlement was passed last year, by which you can remove him to his parish at once, and if he ever comes hither again you can have him sent to the House of Correction."

"Is that so?" asked this manager of a great parish.

"Is it so?—to be sure it is," said South, "and you must walk this little insolence off at once. Where does he come from?"

"From Wilford, by Nottingham."

"Then to Wilford pack him off to-morrow, and all that belongs to him."

"It shall be done," said they.

And it was done. The next day an order for the removal of Captain Jerry was obtained from the magistrates, and he and his family were seen going off the day after in a cart, and with a stout volunteer guard of ratepayers to prevent his escape.

North and South had brought a wondrous relief to Sutton, but Sutton could bring no relief to them. They made haste to give notice of quittance to their noble landlord; and as soon as their crops were off the farm, they left it to its fate, glad to be at length eased of the eternal demand of 8*l.* a-week poor-rates. What they sunk in this notable experiment of agricultural science remained

locked for ever within their own breasts. Jerry Brandreth was destined to appear in a more prominent arena.

CHAPTER VIII.

Whilst Philip Stanton was suffering under the dispiriting effects of the ingratitude of those whom he had sought to enlighten and to serve, the country was suffering too. Everything became gloomier and more alarming. The Government, still trusting that they were able to repress public opinion by more rigour, and to suspend all liberty at will, were proceeding in their iron-handed course. They deemed that they had completely muzzled the press by what were called their gagging bills, by which any man could be seized and shut up at their pleasure

without being heard, and they thought it was only necessary to stimulate the ignorant masses into an outbreak to crush them at once by military force. The famous Circular Letter of Lord Sidmouth, which had been issued on the 27th of March, informing all magistrates that they had ample power to seize any suspected persons and shut them up without trial, had had the worst possible effect on the bull-headed propensities of ignorant country squires.

The most flagrant acts of oppression were committed in country manufacturing districts, and these doctrines of the Government and deeds of Tory justices only the more exasperated the already starving and irritated population. The bold denunciations of Lord Grey and others in Parliament of these arbitrary measures, which they justly described as most mischievous and unconstitutional, strengthened wonderfully the natural mistrust of justice in the minds of the masses;

and the more the stringency was enforced, the more secret resistance to it spread. Ministers and magistrates pounced upon all newspaper editors who dared to remonstrate. William Hone was imprisoned on the charge of bringing all lawful government into contempt by his famous parodies. Cobbett, as we have said, had fled, and a reign of terror was in full force in England.

But all the more effervesced the struggling and igneous spirit of the half-informed or wholly ignorant multitudes. Secret delegates were despatched from Hampden Club to Hampden Club. The avowed aim was no longer to seek reform, but revolution, for the purblind Government had compelled them to the conclusion that force must be met by force. The moment that Government repudiated reform, they invited rebellion. The moment they shut down the safety-valve, they knew there must be an explosion; and, conscious of their strength physically,

they did not fear it, but solicited it. Their emissaries—Oliver, Edwards, Bradley, Castles, and others—were now in full and unconcealed activity, inciting the people to the most desperate schemes:—To rise and assassinate ministers—to make another Moscow of Manchester—and to seize on farms and estates for themselves. There was scarcely a parish in the midland and northern counties which was not already divided in imagination amongst a host of aspirants, who, if they had been able to strike their first blow—that against the authorities and the land-owners—would, in a week, have been as madly and bloodily fighting with each other for the common prey as the French were in their revolution. To such a peril had the Government brought the nation.

Day after day, Adam Criche brought the most alarming news to the cottage at Snenton. There was to be a grand rising in London, in Manchester, in Nottingham, and all the mid-

land counties. Shunned, and repulsed, and menaced as he was, the old man had yet managed by himself, or a comrade of similar sane views, to penetrate into many of their secret schemes. He had the most unquestionable information of the violent counsels of Oliver, who was now gone to inflame the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire. He found everywhere our old acquaintance, Jeremiah Brandreth, now dubbed "The Nottingham Captain," echoing the very words of Oliver at Dennis's, at the Three Salmons, or at the Salutation, and calling on the infatuated people to be ready to join the general rising. In a midnight meeting on the Forest, he had listened to an harangue of this Nottinghamshire Masaniello, which, he said, had actually made his blood run cold. He had told the people that the whole kingdom would be up in a few weeks. Yorkshire was ripe—Lancashire was ripe—London was ripe—and Nottingham and Derby must not be behind.

Every man must get ready his own gun or his pike; there were lots of arms already, and they would seize more. They must be unflinching—one great blow, and the day was their own, and they were lords of the land. They should see the tyrants' blood flowing like the Trent, and should have the pleasure of trampling them into the mire.

He quoted verses, which had been circulated far and wide, and which began thus:—

> "Every man his skill must try,
> He must turn out and not deny;
> No bloody soldier must he dread,
> He must turn out and fight for bread.
> The time is come, you plainly see,
> The Government opposed must be."

The villages, he could tell them, were all ripe too, and every village would kill its own vermin.

"And did the idiots listen to such raving madness?" exclaimed Philip, in the highest excitement.

"Did they?" said Adam—"ay, and more, they vowed they'd do it all!"

"Now, in the name of all that is sacred," said Philip, seeming to cast off his weakness, "what is to be done? By what means are these maniacs to be saved?"

"There is but one thing," said Lawrence Hyde—"the magistrates must be warned. They must be informed of all the truth. You, Philip, and you, Adam, must go and lay it all bare."

"Nay, that will never do," cried Philip; "for us to inform the magistrates is to abandon the last chance of doing anything with them or for them."

"But who is to know," said Lawrence, earnestly; "who is to know whence the intelligence comes to the magistrates?"

"That I cannot tell," replied Philip, "but it will be known some how; it always is known—it oozes out by means never dreamed of. No, neither Adam nor I can do

that. We should then indeed be pronounced spies and informers, and in vain would it be to attempt to clear ourselves of the conviction that we had been so from the first. No, Lawrence, we must do what we can to open their eyes; but if we once go to a magistrate, our conjuring wand is broken, our career is at an end."

"And is it not so now?" said Lawrence. "Do they not now believe you are secretly against them? Do they not now reject your efforts, and curse you for your goodness to them? What can they do more? What in the world can you hope for from them?"

"God knows," said Philip, sadly; "but I cannot, will not inform against them, even for their salvation, or I am that moment nothing, and worse than nothing, with them or for them."

Adam declared that every word of Philip's was God's truth. They both of them must keep clear of informing.

"Then I will do it myself," said Lawrence. "I hold myself responsible for their souls, which are plunging to perdition. I am an Englishman as well as a preacher of the gospel, and I must do my duty as one."

"In Heaven's name," said Philip, "then go! I believe you ought to do it; though, as we are friends, I expect the suspicion of our moving in it will be reflected from you to us. But so far God's will be done."

The conscientious young clergyman did not lose a moment. He went directly to the Mayor, and told him all he knew. He declared that the facts came to him through the most reliable sources, but that he was bound in honour not to reveal the informants. Their very lives would be endangered through it.

The worthy magistrate was greatly struck by the intelligence. He declared that they had received many dark and vague hints of the kind, but that this was most alarming.

He begged Lawrence to meet him at the house of one of the aldermen in a couple of hours, when he found there a few of the principal aldermen assembled, and where Lawrence again repeated what he had said, under the highest assurances of secrecy.

One of them remarked that Mr. Hyde was a friend of Mr. Philip Stanton, the great reformer; and though he did not directly ask whether his information came from him, he made it felt that he suspected it. Lawrence replied that he was bound, as he had said, not to disclose his sources of intelligence; but that he would say, of his perfect knowledge, that Mr. Stanton had on all occasions, and in very widely separated parts of the kingdom, exerted himself, to the ruin of his health, to counteract these unconstitutional doctrines and movements; that the country had not a sounder lover of the constitution than he was. The magistrates professed themselves very glad to hear it, and undertook to con-

vey the intelligence now received to the county magistrates as from themselves.

A few days after, Lawrence was informed by the Mayor that every precaution, both in town and country, had been taken, and the hussars at the barracks were ready at a moment's notice to disperse any rioters.

But though the authorities were put on their guard, Philip thought it all the more necessary to undeceive the deluded people. He seemed to cast off his debility as by magic, and, despite Lawrence's dissuasions, once more essayed to convince the excited masses of their folly and danger. He visited the Hampden Club, where he found a better and more enlightened spirit. The members had seen through the acts of the incendiaries, and received Philip with something of their old cordiality. But when he penetrated into the haunts of the more ignorant, he met with only derision and insult. His warnings of their danger were laughed to scorn.

"The Nottingham Captain would," they said, "soon settle all that."

Philip saw their famous Nottingham Captain, and could not sufficiently wonder at the gross stupidity of the men who put their trust in a fellow so ignorant and so brutal. He mounted a horse, therefore, and rode around amongst the villages of Derbyshire, but only to find that the arch-incendiaries had spread their poison there all the more in proportion to the simplicity of the people. Oliver and Brandreth had completely turned the heads of hundreds, who had no more doubt of marching up to London, and overturning the Government, than they had of resistance from a flock of sheep. All counsel, all assurances that they were betrayed, were lost upon them; and Philip came to the conclusion that the Government cared little where the outbreak occurred, so that it did occur—and that it would probably be here.

And he was right.

Scarcely had he returned to Nottingham, still more distressed and hopeless, when news came that there had been a rising in Yorkshire. On the 6th of June a meeting of delegates had been held at Thornhill-Lees, near Dewsbury. Oliver had been there, and had been arrested with a number of his victims, but in the evening was found at large, and was assisted in making his escape by no less a person than Sir John Byng, commander of the forces in that district.

Here was proof enough to open the eyes of the dupes of this villain; yet, on the very next night, he was present at a large nocturnal meeting on Nottingham Forest; and having, as he thought, fired the train, had got away in all haste to Birmingham.

On Saturday night, the 7th of June, the great meeting was held on Nottingham Forest, and it was determined to rise on Monday, to give time for the Derbyshire men to come

down; and Brandreth was despatched to call them to arms, and bring them to the general rendezvous. This brutal and besotted dupe of the more cunning Oliver accordingly marched all night, and the next morning, being Sunday, appeared in the White Horse public-house, at the village of Pentridge, about fourteen miles from Nottingham. The poor people of that neighbourhood—colliers, stockingers, foundry-men, and labourers—had been completely infatuated by the traitorous representations of Oliver and his dupe, Brandreth. Even men of some substance, but ignorant of everything beyond their own immediate neighbourhood and experience, had been infected by their language. The club had been held at this White Horse, kept by the widow Weightman; and the most seditious designs had been hatched there, without much concealment.

CHAPTER IX.

On this morning Jeremiah Brandreth sate in the parlour of the White Horse, and announced that the time was come for all true men to march to the rescue of the nation. That London was up; that Yorkshire was up, and coming in clouds; that Nottingham was ready, and only waited for them.

Numbers of men came in—for, being Sunday, all were at liberty. There were men from the Iron Foundry of Butterley, about a mile off, on their way toward Nottingham. There were labourers from Swanwick, and

Ripley, and Codnor Park. Brandreth held a map in his hand and pointed out their route. He told them that they must smoke out all the gentlemen in their neighbourhood like vermin, by setting fire to straw at their doors, and when they came out kill them. They were to begin at Wingfield, and kill Colonel Halton; then they were to kill Mr. Jessop, proprietor of the Butterley Iron Works, and his manager, Mr. Goodwin, and take possession of the works; they were to fetch in the men of the country round, with all the arms they could get, and meet at Wingfield at ten o'clock next night. The men of Sheffield and Chesterfield, he said, would come along doing the same, killing their enemies, the gentry, seizing their arms and money, and meet them at Butterley.

At Nottingham, he said, there was plenty of rum provided for them, and 100 guineas for every man. From Nottingham it would be a journey of pleasure to London—they

were to sail down the Trent, with plenty of rum and plenty of money.

At this part of his harangue, this famous captain had a barrel of gunpowder brought into the room, to "learn them," as he said, "to make cartridges;" and, whilst doing this, he told them they would be joined at Nottingham by tens of thousands, and go up to London with flags flying and bands of music playing.

All Monday Brandreth was out with his associates, endeavouring to muster the unfortunate dupes in the neighbouring villages and farms. And he did not confine himself to the dupes. Late at night he and his band of followers, armed with old guns and pikes, thundered at the doors of different farms and cottages, commanding the alarmed people to rise from their beds, and give up their arms and their men. Some refused, and some complied. The reluctant men went under threats, if they refused, of having their brains

blown out—but determined to slip away at the first convenient spot.

Brandreth, the Nottingham Captain, was dressed in grey trousers, an old brown great-coat, and had an apron twisted round his waist in the manner of a belt, in which stuck a brace of pistols. Such was the commander who was to lead the Derbyshire revolutionists to victory over the armies of England. The little man was peculiarly off-hand and ferocious — swore magnificently, and threatened all sorts of strange deaths to the recusants, and did not hesitate to put his threats into execution. He broke open the doors of the cottages with a crowbar, and, drawing a long knife, threatened to run the inhabitants through if they did not make haste, dress, and join them.

Two or three men of the name of Weightman—one George, the son of the landlady of the White Horse—two or three Ludlams—one an old man, father of the others—an old man

named George Bacon, a man called Manchester Turner, and MacKeswick, a Scotchman—most of them labourers, quarrymen, and stockingers —were the leading men amongst his followers. These men on the Monday night seem never to have been in bed: they set out from South Wingfield, marched to Pentridge, thence to Butterley Iron Works, and forward by Codnor to Langley Mill and Eastwood, on the way towards Nottingham.

At every house they demanded arms and men, and forced unwilling people along with them—as if such persons would not be worse than useless. At South Wingfield Park, near Buckland Hollow, they roused the family of a Widow Hepworth, who had a farm there, and, on her refusing to open her door, or give up arms or men, Brandreth shot through the kitchen window and killed one of her men.

In the same manner this band of ruffians marched through Pentridge, threatening all refusers, and putting their guns to their

heads. If any one could have seen that little village at that moment, as the day was beginning to dawn at three o'clock on that morning of the 10th of June, well might he have wondered what cause of discontent could have roused its inhabitants to rebellion. It consisted of a few scattered cottages and farmhouses, on each side of a country lane, running along a ridge of some elevation, from which a very extensive view on all sides presented itself. On one side the Peak Hills, on others the smoking chimneys of coal-mines, and, just below, the furnaces of Butterley casting their flames with an unceasing flicker against the yet dim sky. Every cottage had its little flower-plot, now gay and sweet with the honeysuckle, jasmines, and rosemary on the humble walls and about the humble porches; the wall-flowers, and snowy and luscious narcissus, Solomon's seal, and old-fashioned marigolds. Roses were in fresh bloom, and the laburnums were heavy with their golden load;

the hawthorns flung their fragrance on the breeze, as those infatuated men went forth to death or exile. And if all were pleasant without, what were the evils within which drove them abroad? Their cottages had been built by themselves on the waste; and though claimed by the great proprietor of the estate, the Duke of Devonshire, paid only some small acknowledgment of a few shillings a-year. Some of these men had their cow, their pig, and poultry; yet with a lot which would have seemed enviable to many a slave of the large towns, they had been persuaded that they had hardship enough to warrant a revolution. And as they marched away to destruction, there stood the smiling farmer of Broad Oaks, who had sate in the chimney-corner of the White Horse, and encouraged them in their madness—but instead of sharing their danger, he now addressed the women, who in a crowd gazed with weeping eyes after the departing ones, and jocularly told them, "He thought

they would make another very good regiment to march after their husbands."

Having accumulated some hundred men by this press-gang process, they appeared before the gates of Butterley Iron Works, which they meant to seize and convert into a barracks, as well as a cannon foundry and manufactory of arms. They meant for immediate use to seize two small cannon there; but the active manager, Mr. Goodwin, was prepared for them. He had armed the workmen, closed the gates, and set them at defiance. He gave them the sensible advice to go home while their necks were safe, as the law would be too strong for them. He gave the pressed men an opportunity to take refuge in the works, which they did; and even thrust old Ludlam into the yard, asking him, in God's name, what a man of his years was doing on such a mad business. But the old man, though greatly agitated, thought he was too much in for it already, rushed out, and went on.

The insurgents, and the bold Nottingham Captain, daunted by the courage of one brave man, instead of attacking the place, wheeled round and quietly went away. A noble army to take a kingdom! But this stout Mr. George Goodwin, presently seeing one of the Weightmans riding past, advised him to turn home again, but he did not heed him; and shortly after, seeing another of the same family also riding past, he rushed upon him, seized eighty-four pounds of bullets that he had in a bag, and compelled him to go back.

At Ripley, a little market-town near, the insurgents were joined by fresh re-inforcements; and one party took their way by Loscoe and Heanor, the other by Aldercar Lane to Langley Mill, where they were to meet. At Heanor a gentleman came out from his garden-gate and earnestly entreated the infatuated mob to return whilst the halters were yet not about their necks, as they certainly would be if they went on.

They appeared jaded and dispirited, and half inclined to take his advice; nevertheless they continued on their way.

The other party, which took the road by Aldercar, with the Captain at their head, went on, scattering terror around them, forcing off men, shooting the yard-dogs that barked at them; and the two parties, about nine o'clock, met at Langley Mill, where they laid hands on a breakfast, of which they were in great need. Here they amounted to from three to four hundred men, and were met by George Weightman, their emissary, who told them Nottingham was taken, and they must hasten on.

But the end of their march was approaching. The alarm was sounded in the country. Behind them the High Sheriff of Derbyshire was to horse, with a troop of yeomen cavalry in pursuit of them. Before them Lancelot Rolleston, Esq., of Watnal, a place only a few miles ahead of them, magistrate, was spurring

full speed to Nottingham Barracks to summon the 15th Hussars, and the said hussars were in all haste preparing to mount and confront them on the way.

Meantime Nottingham was in consternation. The villain Oliver, who had seen the Yorkshire insurgents scattered to the winds, had kept that artfully quiet; and had told the meeting in the Forest on the night of the 7th, that the Yorkshiremen were coming down in vast clouds. The Nottingham malcontents were, therefore, abroad on the night of Monday the 9th, expecting the Yorkshiremen by one road, and the Derbyshiremen by another; and on the morning of the 10th Nottingham was to be swooped down upon by their overwhelming forces and taken possession of. These rumours, all amply exaggerated, as is the wont of rumours, had flown into every nook and alley of the place, and the panic was fearful. Numbers of special constables were sworn in. The officers in the barracks were

desired to have their troops in readiness, and the same urgent message was despatched to the colonel of the yeoman cavalry.

Philip that morning was sitting with a book by the breakfast-table, which was placed under a shady apple-tree in the garden. Breakfast was over; Lawrence had gone out in pursuance of his duties, and Adam, who was all on the *qui vive* about the state of things, and the rumours flying in every direction, had gone to the town to pick up the latest news, when a man came hastily into the garden, and was making for the cottage-door. Philip recognized him instantly as one of Adam's associates and news-collector, and, calling him to him, asked if there was anything of consequence astir.

"Of consequence!" said the man, "the news is terrible. Fire and water are coming together; there will be something dreadful. Last night there was an armed meeting on the Forest. I went there slily to see what went

on. I heard it said they were all up in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and expected there every hour; and sure enough there came a man riding on horseback out of Derbyshire, to know if the Nottingham men were ready, for the Derbyshire men were in full march, with Brandreth at their head. They were storming the Butterley Works when he left there, and would be at Nottingham by eight or nine in the morning. They were five hundred strong, and were rolling up like a snow-ball, bigger and bigger all the way they came. And just now there came a gentleman riding red-hot to the barracks to call out the soldiers—and, O Lord! there will be bloody work directly."

"And has nobody gone to warn the poor demented creatures of the destruction they are rushing upon?" exclaimed Philip—"of the cavalry preparing to mow them down? Poor wretches! and only to think of their unhappy families!"

"Warn them, sir! Oh! they'd tak' no warning. That Brandreth's as mad as a March hare. They have had warnings thick as bilberries in Sherwood. You've warned them, sir, and you might as well ha' warned moths out of a candle. They're all clean mad together!"

"But they *must* be still further warned!" exclaimed Philip, and, rushing into the cottage for his hat, he ran in headlong speed out of the garden, without listening to the man, who continued to call after him, and to expostulate on his own danger in being seen anywhere near these doomed and unhappy men.

In less than a quarter of an hour Philip was mounted at a livery-stable, and was going at a sharp trot up the Derby road, steep as it was, out of town. When he reached the top of the hill at Radford, he dashed into a gallop, flew through the turnpike gate at Bobber's Mill, flinging the man a shilling without stopping to take change or ticket,

and careered along the road at a speed that brought every one to door and window. The whole country, as he passed, appeared to be already in a state of alarm and excitement. Farmers, cottagers, men and women, were already on the anxious look-out, or rushed forth at the first sound of his horse's feet.

"What news?" cried one or another as he went past, but he did not stop to answer. He left the gaping villagers to imagine a score of exciting causes for his gallop; and through Nuthall, Gilt-Brook, Kimberley, Newthorpe, he dashed on, seeing yet no symptoms of the advancing host. But when he reached the higher ground of Eastwood Common, there in reality came the rebel band. They were advancing in tolerable order, imitating the march of soldiers as well as they could, and the black-bearded and apron-belted Captain at their head. But what an army to revolutionize England!—to do that which Cromwell and Fairfax did not do without

many a bloody fight, and many a stout backer, from the purse-holding Parliament to the whole sturdy citizenship and peasantry of the realm. Here came some three hundred, weary, limping labourers, and gaunt, sickly stockingers, in their work-day dress, their ragged hats and elbows, and armed with old guns, many of which they had tried to fire in vain, rude pikes, hay-forks, hay-cutting knives, and bludgeons. With their day and night's march, and little to eat, they appeared ready to faint rather than to fight with regular troops. It was a sight to melt a heart of stone!

Philip dashed up to their front, and cried:—

"Madmen! disperse! quick! the troopers are already on the road! They will be here in a few minutes! You are all dead men if you stay!"

They stood in a state of stupid wonder.

"What!" shouted some, "is not Nottingham up? Isn't the barracks taken?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied Philip. "Nottingham is as quiet as this common. Not an insurgent dare show his face. And if you wait ten minutes, you will see for yourselves where the soldiers are. In Heaven's name, save yourselves, for your families' sake!"

"Gammon!" shouted Brandreth. "We know you! It's the renegade Stanton!—he's always in the nick of time to betray the reformers. Don't believe him. March!"

But at this moment there was another sound and sight, which arrested all ears and eyes. Over the ridge of Eastwood Common appeared the careering troops of hussars. On they came at a swinging trot, and then there was a spectacle! Down went pike and gun, clattering on the road, and, with a yell of terror, the insurgents flew over the hedges on each side of the highway. Crash they went through hawthorn and bramble, making every rotten stake crack in their

rush; and there was a flying rout across the fields in all directions, every terrified face being turned at every few yards to see whether the cavalry was pursuing. And they had not long to wait for this discovery. There was a cry from the captain of—

"Give chase! capture, seize, or cut them down!"

Over fence and gate went the thundering horse, with fierce shouts and sallies, and ever and anon a terror-stricken fugitive stopped and gave himself up, praying not to be killed.

But there was still a little knot that waited to listen to their captain, and the desperate man called out to them to stand and fight it out. He tried to form them into some order, deaf to the vehement cries of Philip to fly and save themselves. But the next moment the soldiers were at hand, and the little knot scattered and ran for it. Philip was left alone on the place.

"Who are you? What are you doing

here?" said the captain of the troop, as he rode up.

"My name is Stanton," replied Philip composedly. "I have ridden from Nottingham to induce these misguided men to disperse and return to their families."

"You are my prisoner, sir! Hey there! set a guard upon this person."

A dozen horsemen instantly surrounded him and halted, whilst the rest continued the chase. Philip, notwithstanding his unpleasant situation, had still so much interest in the flying insurgents, that he listened to the sounds of galloping, of shouting, of outcries of terror, and calls to stand, which continued to grow fainter and fainter in the distance.

In less than an hour the troop returned, bringing fourteen prisoners, and followed by a cart into which the scattered pikes and guns were collected, four soldiers being ordered to remain and guard the cart to Not-

tingham. The captain then rode up to Philip, and said:—

"Deliver your arms, sir!"

"I have none," replied Philip. "I have told you truly my errand here. It was to do that which every good subject must desire, that the deluded men should disperse, and give up their foolish and illegal object."

"You will give an account of yourself to the magistrates," said the officer. "Our business is to conduct you thither. Search him, Sergeant Manby. Dismount, sir!"

Philip obeyed. A fine-looking soldier also dismounted, approached Philip, opened his coat and waistcoat, passed his hand over his person, declared that there were no arms; and the captain saying, "Mount! forward!" they set forward towards Nottingham, accompanied by Mr. Rolleston, the magistrate. As they rode on, half-a-dozen other soldiers came up, who seemed to have gone farther than the rest. A young officer rode up to

Captain Philips, as Stanton had already heard was the name of the officer in command, and reported that they had pursued the rebels till they met Mr. Hallowes, the sheriff of Derbyshire, at the head of a troop of yeomanry, and who had already secured twenty or thirty more of the fugitives.

Many a one still, however, was fleeing through field and lane, ready to sink with exhaustion and terror. The gentleman who had importuned them to go back in Heanor, saw scores of them come panting and yet struggling on, covered with dust and dying with thirst, yet too much stimulated by fear to stop and ask for a drop of water.

As they approached Nottingham, the little knot of officers riding on some hundred yards in advance, and the soldiers, gaily chatting, as they rode, on all their adventures in the rout and capture of the radicals, as they called them, but none addressing the least remark to Philip, who rode silent in the centre—whilst

the other prisoners, Brandreth amongst them, were made to trudge through the dust in the rear—another officer came riding to meet them. He was received with expressions of lively satisfaction at their success, turned his horse, and rode on with them. In a few moments Philip saw the commanding officer put spurs to his horse, and ride swiftly towards the town, followed by two or three troopers; and the officer who had just arrived, evidently being put in command whilst Captain Philips went to announce his success to the authorities, halted till the troop came up, and took a survey of the mounted prisoners as they passed. What a shot, as it were, went through the heart of Philip! What a flush of surprise sprang into that young officer's face, though he evidently endeavoured to put a strong command on his features. Philip saw in that officer, Charles Peters! Charles Peters saw in the prisoner, Philip Stanton!

It would be in vain to attempt to describe

the feelings which passed, lightning-like, through the breast of Philip. Shame at being recognized by one of that family, with whom he had once been so likely to be bound up for life in love and friendship, in so humiliating a situation—the ostensible accomplice of such poor, ignorant malcontents; anguish at the monstrous villainy by which they had been forced asunder; a proud, but most painful, consciousness of his own righteous and honourable motives and conduct; a torturing sense that now all explanations were hopeless.

What, on the other hand, were the feelings of Charles Peters? No one could know. He sat still till the troop had passed, took a silent survey of the prisoners in the rear, and then, without turning his face for a moment, rode rapidly to the front. And so they advanced to Nottingham.

CHAPTER X.

As the troop of hussars approached the Forest, as it was called, the common land on the outskirts of the town, there immediately appeared proof that the news of the defeat of the insurgents had some time reached the place, by that telegraph from mouth-to-mouth delivery of tidings that surpasses all ordinary speed. Hundreds of people were awaiting their approach with eager excitement.

As they went on, and began to descend into the town, people came flying from all quarters —the crowd grew and grew every minute— and the crushing and hum of voices became

simultaneous. Philip's appearance excited the most startling surprise. He could hear continually the exclamation, "Look! look! why, that is Stanton, the great agitator! Was he such a fool as to join these miserable wretches?" "So, then," said others, "they have dropped upon him after all. They always said that he was at the bottom of these disturbances." "But how, then," said others, "can he be a spy? They'd never take him if he was one of their own tools." "Oh! would not they!" said others. "You'll see—he'll soon be loose again. It's only a sham—depend, he's the decoy bird. They'll never hurt him!" "The d——d scoundrel, then!" exclaimed others, "it would serve him right to catch him, if he come's out, and limb him!" "Ay, catch him, quotha—catch a swallow when it's over the house, my boys. But isn't he a darned down-looked 'un?" "Are you a down-looked 'un?" struck in a woman. "If you were a hundredth part as handsome, you'd

be a blessed heap less ugly than you are. Poor gentleman, and I'll lay my life that he's as innocent as th' babe at th' breast. Else why should he be taken prisoner? Why should he ever consarn his-sen with poor folks?" "Pshaw! don't you hear," said another ragamuffin; "don't you hear—he's an Oliver!"

But the curiosity was soon diverted from him to the dusty, footsore, and downcast prisoners coming behind, and especially to the Nottingham Captain, who put out all his energy to conceal his fatigue, and look stout upon it. And lastly, a dense, swarming mass crowded round the cart that dragged after with the collection of rude arms.

As they passed through the streets, all the windows were crowded, and the extensive market-place jammed with spectators; and so, slowly and with difficulty, they made their way through the narrow Bridlesmith Gate, and up the "Pavement" to the County Hall. There they were received with all due im-

portance by Mr. Wright, the jailer, and, in a few minutes, Philip found himself sitting alone, locked in a cell. The rest of the prisoners were located elsewhere.

Silent, confounded by this strange turn of affairs, and scarcely yet realizing the whole as more than a woful dream, Philip could yet hear the roar of the world outside, which was in the buzz and agitation of a swarm of bees. The whole place was in the highest commotion. That the insurgents should be dispersed and taken, would of itself have been wonder enough for the day; but that Stanton, the accomplished and eloquent orator, should be found mixed up with them and brought in prisoner, was a thing which put into the utmost activity all the impulses of amazement, curiosity, surmise, and counter-surmise that exist in the human breast. A thousand rumours were afloat in an hour. Stanton had been the instigator from the first. He had been travelling continually about; Oliver

and Bradley, and the like, were mere satellites to him. They had appeared to oppose one another, only to deceive the public the more effectually. By others, they were Government agents. Stanton was a sheer revolutionist on his own account. He was a rabid republican. These opinions were as violently rejected by others. He was the real friend of the people; his love for them had betrayed him into this scrape; and Government, they might depend upon it, would make an example of him. Did they not remember it was only lately they set a price on his head, and now his head they would have, as sure as he was in the county jail there.

Whilst these discussions kept the whole town in a ferment, sorrow and consternation had fallen like a thunder-stroke on one little group.

At the window of the Miss Ottiwells stood with them Lawrence Hyde and Adam Criche,

to see the troopers bring in their prisoners, and their eyes fell with an anguished glance on the figure of Philip in the midst of the troop. They recoiled from the window as if struck blind by lightning, and sunk into their seats with a groan of unspeakable horror.

As soon as they could in some degree recover from their surprise, Lawrence and Adam hurried down and away towards the county jail. There was a dense crowd still collected in earnest talk in front of it, and endless rumours and conjectures were circulating through it. There was Mr. Spinks, the livery-stable keeper, still holding by the bridle the horse which Philip had hired, and recounting all the trouble he had had to recover him from the soldiers, the captain declaring it lawful prize, and contending that though he had amply proved it to be his property, and only let for hire, it had been let for an unlawful purpose.

But Spinks soon let them know, he said, that it was let only for gentlemen to ride, and that was all it was let for; he did not, he would let them know, ask any gentleman what his business was. All he had to do was to let a horse to a man that could pay for it, and this Mr. Stanton, he would tell them, had paid for it when he took it out. If the gentleman had been about any mischief, that he knew nothing about, and his horse knew nothing about it neither, and warn't responsible for it, and if they did not give him his property, he should summons them before the town magistrates in the morning, and for damages too.

"And so," said Mr. Spinks, triumphantly, "they gen me my hoss, for I know'd their proud stomachs would na like summoning."

Whilst this harangue was proceeding, Lawrence and Adam were anxiously ringing at the gate of the prison. They were soon introduced in the court to the gaoler, the outer

gate being instantly closed again to keep out the press; and he, when he heard them request to see Philip, told them that was impossible; no one could be admitted to him till he had had his hearing before the magistrates, which would probably be on the morrow—and after that, perhaps, Mr. Hyde, as his clergyman, might obtain an order from the magistrates, and see him occasionally. Lawrence entreated the gaoler, however, to inform him that his friends had endeavoured to see him, and should exert every power they had in his behalf. The gaoler very kindly promised to deliver the message, but could not engage to bring back any reply. He would assure them, however, that the prisoner should have every comfort which the regulations of the house permitted him to afford him—and with this the sorrowful friends were obliged to be satisfied.

What a dolorous gloom had now fallen on the little cottage at Snenton, where every cage

was covered, and not a canary allowed to sing; and the same deep trouble had fallen on the millinery establishment on Long Row. There Lawrence and the sister Ottiwells were in sad and earnest discussion on all that could possibly be done to defend Philip, whose situation appeared to them extremely serious. However clear he might be able to make his conduct and intentions appear, they knew that the Government would be only too glad to have him in their power, and that they would strain every nerve to condemn him.

Mary and Jane Ottiwell put all necessary funds at the service of Lawrence for the defence of their common friend; and their solicitor, Mr. Yendys, was instantly sent for to receive instructions. Mr. Yendys, having received his authority, hurried to the gaol, and demanded admittance as the prisoner's legal adviser, but was also referred to the magistrates for an order. The nearest county magistrate resided some four or five miles off,

and away he rode to two of them, but without success. They refused all access to him till he was called up before them the next day. With this the dejected friends were obliged to be satisfied, and night, with all these boding thoughts, fell slowly down upon them.

But what a night was that to Philip Stanton! Conscious as he was of the uprightness of both his deeds and intentions, and certain that he could make a good, because an honest defence, he felt that the Government, which had set a heavy price on his head, would bring down all its weight upon him to destroy him. The very fact that they had sent out spies and paid incendiaries proved them unprincipled and unscrupulous. How many of their paid and suborned slaves might they bring against him? By what specious lies might the plain truth be overwhelmed?—and what evidence had he except his own word, that in his last act he was really on the ground to persuade the insurgents to peace, and

not to war? Would those wretched people declare his innocence?—would their evidence avail anything if they did? The darkest forebodings crept over his mind, in spite of all his fortitude.

In the midst of these thoughts the gaoler appeared, and told him that the Rev. Mr. Hyde and an elderly man, whom he recognized as Adam, had been, and wanted to see him. That he was not at liberty to admit them without a magistrate's order, but was glad to tell him that they said they should leave no stone unturned in his favour.

"I don't exceed my duty," added the kind gaoler, "in letting you know that every man is entitled to his defence, and all the comfort he can get."

He then assured him that whatever he wanted, beyond the bare prison allowance, should be supplied, according to a list of charges which he gave him.

Philip thanked him, but was at that moment

in no humour to eat or drink; but encouraged by the friendly aspect and language of the gaoler, he began to relate to him the cause of his seizure. The gaoler stopped him, to warn him that anything said to him he might be obliged to state in evidence; to which Philip replied that it could not possibly be anything to his disadvantage, and he related to him all that had passed.

The gaoler listened with interest, said merely these were strange times, but with all his heart he hoped he would be able to clear himself, and wished him good night.

The key turned with a solemn twang in the lock, and Philip found himself in the deepening gloom of his naked cell, in which stood only a rude bedstead and bed, and into which only a faint stream of light poured from an aperture far above his head. It was the hour and power of darkness. In such a moment, the slightest circumstance is able to fling the weight of time and the blackness of Erebus

upon the soul. The kindly aspect and tones of Mr. Wight, the keeper, only added a strange bitterness to the remark with which he closed the conversation. Philip hoped that after his statement he would be able to say :—

"Oh, sir! you will easily clear yourself, I can see;" but the cold observation, "These are strange times," and that "he *hoped* that he might be able to clear himself," fell with an icy sensation on his heart.

"He doubts my being able to clear myself," thought Philip; "he knows the times, and the Government!"

There was a meaning, he imagined, in his words, of an ominous character. He did not bear in mind that caution was habitual to his office, and the darkest shades of imagination, as well as of night, fell over him. Again, the memory of his father's fate recurred in all its strength. He felt a certainty that his own fortune was similar. How adversely, too, had

events run with him! Only now and then a gleam of success, the more to deepen his darkness. The wings of a black despair were spread over him, and under their horror he spent the long, long night, a prey to the most gloomy and horrible imaginations. It was one of those nights which are said sometimes to make a young man old and grey-headed. The love of life was strong within him, spite of the belief that he lay under an evil fate; and the idea that he might be doomed to close that young life ignominiously, without being able to vindicate his character, much less to secure the fame that in a moment's success appeared within his grasp, filled him with inconceivable agony. At length, wrung and tortured beyond human endurance, he flung himself on his knees by the side of his mean pallet, and prayed vehemently for strength and fortitude to bear his lot, whatever it might be, as became a man, and the son of such a man as Hugh Meynell Stanton.

After a sharp wrestling with the weakness of nature and the enemy, who seemed to pour whole volumes of terrible ideas into his soul, he arose comforted and refreshed. He felt a calm, which he prayed might be continued to him through his trial, let it terminate as it might; he flung himself on his bed and slept till morning. The turnkey awoke him by bringing his breakfast, and, when he had taken it, he was surprised to feel how courageous he was become. He resolved, with the help of God, to defend himself boldly, as became his innocence.

About twelve o'clock, he was summoned to the presence of the magistrates, and soon found himself before Clifton of Clifton, Edge of Strelley, Charlton of Chilwell, and Lord Rancliffe of Bunny. The officers who had led the troop of hussars were there, and some half-dozen of the soldiers.

When Captain Philips was called upon to make his charge against the prisoner, the

other prisoners were not yet called up. Mr. Yendys announced that he was engaged on behalf of Mr. Stanton, and demanded that all intending to give evidence against him should withdraw, except Captain Philips himself. The chairman ordered all witnesses on both sides to withdraw; and this was done.

Captain Philips then gave his evidence. It may be supposed what it was: That he had been called out to meet and disperse a body of men, in arms; and he described his meeting them, their dispersion, and the taking of a number of them and their arms. The arms were ranged along the wall of the room, and all turned and gazed at them—the chairman observing that they were evidence enough of themselves. Captain Philips described finding the prisoner on horseback with the insurgents, but that he excused himself by saying that he was there to warn them to disperse.

"Ay, a very pretty story," remarked Clifton of Clifton. "But," he added, "if I mistake not, the young man has been pretty well known for a good while as a regular firebrand. There was a hue-and-cry after him by Government."

"Here it is," said a large rubicund man, Edge of Strelley, taking up a placard from the table. "Two hundred pounds reward. It is a pity, Captain Philips," he added, addressing that officer, "that it is out of date."

The captain laughed. "And then," suggested the justice's clerk, "there was that Glasgow affair, your worships."

"To be sure, to be sure!" said they; "ay, a very suspicious business. There is abundant ground to commit him."

Mr. Yendys, a confident little man, here protested that there was no evidence whatever against his client. That what he had stated on the occasion of his being found near the insurgents was in perfect keeping with his

whole previous conduct, and all his addresses to the people. His whole business had been to dissuade them from violent and unconstitutional measures, and of that he was prepared to bring abundant proofs.

"A very likely story," said the colossal Edge of Strelley. "Gentlemen, we need not waste time. I am for committing. If they have any evidence, they can bring it on the trial."

All seemed to acquiesce in that opinion; but Yendys would not listen to it. He protested against the committal of his client until his evidence had been heard, and Lord Rancliffe supported him in it.

Philip was then allowed to speak—made a short, clear, and able statement, and demanded that the other prisoners should be questioned —and declared that they would, it was certain, confirm his statement. The magistrates were compelled to listen. The prisoners were brought up one by one, and interrogated, and

one and all declared that the prisoner Stanton did not belong to them, and only came to advise them to disperse.

Lawrence Hyde and Adam Criche afterwards gave their evidence, demonstrating that though Philip was a reformer he was a constitutional reformer; and in all his speeches —a copy of which Lawrence quoted from— and in all his letters, he had counselled nothing but peaceful and legal measures.

The justice's clerk suddenly started up and whispered to Edge of Strelley, who instantly observed:—

"Ay, letters, where are his letters? We would see them."

The lawyer saw the trap, and said:—

"Gentlemen, Mr. Hyde has letters from his friend Mr. Stanton, of various dates, all supporting what he has just read from his speeches. I daresay he will, if required, fetch some of them and read them."

"But his other letters and papers—we

would see them, Mr. Hyde; it has been said that they are at your house."

Lawrence replied that "he believed not. He could not say where they were." In fact, the police, by order of the magistrates, had made a search there, and at the Miss Ottiwells, but in vain. Adam Criche had taken good care of them. The magistrates again declared that they had sufficient evidence to commit. Yendys denied that they had any at all. That the very prisoners, one and all, had supported Mr. Stanton's own account of the cause of his being with them; and that it would be an unheard-of thing to imprison men for acting the part of good and loyal citizens. But the magistrates declared that they could not excuse themselves to Government if they did not commit.

The lawyer then called for a remand, in order that the evidence of Sir Francis Burdett and Major Cartwright, and the papers of the London Reform Club might be produced.

They rejected the proposition; he then offered bail to a large amount, but that they rejected too, and Philip found himself fully committed to take his trial at the ensuing assizes.

The result confirmed his opinion of the arbitrary desire of the Government to convict him; but he now felt only a calm resignation; and he was permitted to receive the visits of his solicitor, of Mr. Hyde as his clergyman, and of the Miss Ottiwells as friends, on the engagement by these parties, on oath, that they would neither convey to him, or from him, any documents but such as should be previously shown open to the gaoler, and, if need were, to the magistrates. Adam Criche, who was regarded as a political partisan, was refused admittance to him on any terms.

Of the comfort which the society of his other friends gave him it were superfluous to speak. Whatever were their secret apprehensions, they endeavoured to cheer him up

by confident assurances of his acquittal. They declared that it was impossible to fix a single guilty fact upon him. That Mr. Yendys was gone to London to examine the correspondence which had taken place betwixt himself and the leaders of the Club. These made clearly demonstrative the constitutional nature of his orders from the Club, and that he had uniformly responded to these orders. That Sir Francis and the Major were determined not only to memorialize ministers on the subject of his unjust imprisonment, but, if they did not succeed in thus obtaining his release, they were prepared to defend him by their evidence on the trial. Lawrence spent as much time with him as he possibly could; the Miss Ottiwells brought or sent him some books, and many comforts, and cast the cheerfulness of their presence frequently through his prison. He was removed to a more agreeable room, and had his books to dispel his solitude.

There wanted but about a month to the Midsummer assizes, and his friends were actively engaged in preparing the evidence in his favour. It was resolved, if necessary, to engage the most eminent counsel in his behalf. But as time went on, the anxiety of his friends grew, for the representations of the leaders of the Parent Hampden Club, headed by Sir Francis and the Major, proved unsuccessful. Ministers professed to entertain great suspicions of Stanton, and talked mysteriously of charges ready to be advanced against him. It was now conceived that they would suborn some of their paid tools against him, and would endeavour to fix a criminal charge upon him, in connection with the Glasgow meeting, as well as with the recent outbreak. At the instance of Philip, Lawrence wrote to James Stuart, of Ardkeancrochan, to entreat him to promise his evidence on the former point, and he replied that he would, and give it with all

his heart. On the other hand, Sir Francis informed them that he had discovered that the Government were exerting all their power to come down with an overwhelming case against Philip, and that the Attorney-general was busy marshalling his witnesses with extraordinary assiduity.

As the causes of anxiety increased, time seemed to fly away. With inconceivable rapidity week after week rushed by—the day of the trial was hurrying on amain. Spite of all their efforts,the friends of Philip could not prevent their anxiety showing itself in their countenances. To have appeared cheerful under the circumstances would have been unnatural; but they were less than cheerful. Amid their attempts to appear assured, they grew, spite of themselves, serious, thoughtful, and devoured by suspense—it was vain to deny it. Philip saw it, and felt in his own bosom an ever-increasing sense of the solemnity of his position.

His cause in itself was good, but his enemies were powerful and unprincipled—they had shown that in a most unequivocal manner, in exciting these outbreaks by their spies. He firmly prepared himself to endure the worst with dignity, and, amid his trouble, the devotion of his friends deeply affected him. The exertions of Lawrence, of poor Adam, and of Mary and Jane Ottiwell, to insure his comfort and strengthen his case, were incessant. They omitted no means of informing the public, or all those they came amongst, of the real facts of the case. They convinced the editor of the "Nottingham Review," a decided reformer, of the true character and endeavours of Philip; and that journal boldly and energetically defended him, and denounced the endeavours of a corrupt government to crush the best men of the country. So warm was its advocacy, that it was itself menaced with a prosecution for libel. But by this means every day a kind-

lier and more earnest feeling was excited in the liberal portion of the public towards Philip, and the interest regarding the trial rose to an intense degree.

CHAPTER XI.

It was when not more than ten days remained previous to the assizes, that a name was announced to Philip, which went through him like an electrical shock. It was that of Sir Charles Peters. He begged for an interview with Philip, if it were not unwelcome to him.

"*Sir* Charles!" said Philip, amid the agitation of his surprise; "then his father is dead. Oh, certainly, Mr. Wright, admit him."

The next moment Charles Peters entered. He was pale, and greatly agitated; but his agitation was nothing to that of Philip, who

trembled like an aspen leaf. The two young men were each greatly altered—each was marked with the character and seriousness of manhood. Philip, pale and thin, and agitated, but bearing on his fine face and ample brow the melancholy beauty of intellect, noble mind, and deep sorrow. Charles, no longer the light-hearted youth, but grave, and clad, not in uniform, but in a suit of deep mourning.

The former friends now bowed distantly to each other; and Philip begged his visitor to be seated. There was a considerable and an awkward pause. At length Charles Peters broke it.

"Mr. Stanton," he said, "under any circumstances, I should regret to see you here, but I am induced to seek this interview because I feel an apprehension that I and others have done you some injustice. I need not say how greatly I esteemed you once, nor that I am quite sensible that our friendship

was severed by the arts of a bad man. Your own proceedings, however, after that severance, seemed to preclude any hope of our returning to our former relations. I have always held that you were cruelly used, and nothing but the extreme political course which you adopted could have prevented me seeking to renew our intercourse at the first possible opportunity. Your own acts—I speak of them as represented by your own friends —seemed to place an eternal bar betwixt us. But since you have been in this place, I have been led to suspect that I have done you wrong—that, though you have been imprudent—excuse the phrase—you have not advocated the extreme measures which were attributed to you. I may say that your friends, Mr. Hyde and the Miss Ottiwells, have explained much to me; and, as I am about to quit this neighbourhood for Ireland, I was unwilling to do it without making some apology to you."

"You are very good, Sir Charles," said Philip, speaking with difficulty from his emotion; "but allow me to say, frankly and at once, that you see me—except as a prisoner—the same man—heart, and soul, and sentiment—as you knew me at Craythorne. Upon the doctrines and principles which I openly avowed there, and which you and your younger relatives as cordially approved, I have since acted, and on no others. I am not responsible for the statements of others, whether friends or enemies; but if you do not sympathize with the opinions I have expressed, excuse me, the change has, at all events, not been in me. I am here on a charge of inciting poor, unhappy, and ignorant people to a breach of the laws; but my real offence is that I have always, without one exception, exhorted them to observe the laws. There exists no doubtful proof that the ministers have done the very thing, through incendiaries, which they charge against me;

and my real offence is, that I have exposed and denounced those diabolical measures. Sir Charles, I adhere to the great principles of liberty enunciated by Demosthenes, by Cicero, and by a far greater than either, the Founder of our religion; but I adhere equally to the constitution of my country—and for that I suffer, and am willing to suffer. God's will be done!"

"Mr. Stanton," said Sir Charles, "on none of these points am I inclined to differ from you. I have read your collected speeches at the request of your friends, and I subscribe almost entirely to them; but I cannot join with you in calumniating the Church."

"With me!" exclaimed Philip. "I a calumniator of the Church! Where, and on what occasion? I, the son of Hugh Meynell Stanton! The friend of Lawrence Hyde!"

"But you certainly made most frightful statements of the indifference of the clergy in Wiltshire."

"Pray," said Philip, "distinguish betwixt my own statements and those of the newspapers. In the little volume which you hold in your hand you will find my own remarks, any one of which you will on inquiry find corroborated by Mr. Hyde, a staunch son and servant of the Church. What we stated there it became the lovers of the Church to expose, in order that it might be remedied. He who winks at such criminal neglect as there existed is not the friend, but the enemy of the Church. So long as I live I will never pass such blotches unnoticed; and if for that I am to be stamped as the enemy of the Church of my fathers, so be it. I love the Church, but I can never be a hypocrite."

Sir Charles remained some time silent. He then rose, advanced to Philip, and putting out his hand, said:—

"Philip, I feel that I have misunderstood you. Your heart is right—it is only your warm feelings which bring you into doubtful

circumstances. But God forbid that I should blame you for what is noble at the bottom. Let us once more be friends."

Philip seized the offered hand, but his emotion made him dumb. He shook it again and again. At length he said :—

"A short time may put an end to all misunderstandings with my life, for they will kill me if they can; but whether I live or die, there will not be an action of my life on behalf of the people to be repented of. One day justice will be done me."

"You take too gloomy a view of your situation, I think," said Sir Charles. "I do not believe they can touch your life. I know your own power of doing justice to your own conduct. I hear that you will have the most distinguished advocates. I will not believe in anything but your acquittal, or your short imprisonment on some minor count. But, though I shall necessarily be away on duty, I shall do everything that I can to aid you.

Command me, Stanton, as an old friend. Though my presence is prevented, my purse and my personal interest are at your service."

"There speaks the old Charles Peters!" said Philip. "God be thanked for that which I most desired. If there be anything that I think you can do for me, I will certainly apply to you; and perhaps there is one thing—you could induce Mr. Sterland to use his powerful influence in my favour. I hear that he has arrived."

A shade passed over Charles's face.

"There I fear I can do nothing," he said; "but still I may through others. I will try. But now my time is up. May God bless you, and bring you safe off! There is my address in Ireland. Good-bye!"

The two reconciled friends held each other's hands in silence for some time, tears being the most eloquent expression of their feelings—and Charles was gone.

To Philip it was like a dream. He continued to pace his cell, in thankfulness for this first rectification of the delusions of the enemy. A thousand thoughts, that he would have uttered to Sir Charles, rushed, one after another, through his mind. Thoughts of a more deep and agitating character succeeded; but time had made them, as he deemed, impossibilities, and he sat down and dwelt long and sadly upon them.

The reconciliation between Sir Charles and Philip gave the highest delight to Philip's little knot of friends. Lawrence Hyde and the Miss Ottiwells, who had ventured to attempt it, were charmed with their success, and to Philip the recollection of it was a constant sunshine in his cell.

The time, however, was gliding swiftly on, and there were rumours that Government were unanimously resolved on convicting Philip Stanton, and making an example of him, if possible. The public mind, both in

Nottingham and in London, was on the utmost stretch of excitement on the subject. Four days only remained till the assizes, when one morning a lady was announced, and Philip, expecting one of the Miss Ottiwells, was startled by the entrance of—Helen Freemantle!

If the appearance of Sir Charles Peters unnerved Philip, this apparition seemed to deprive him of all volition. He stood like a statue, till Helen hastened up to him, and, seizing his hand, burst into tears. Without being able to utter a word, Philip, still holding her hand in both his, sat down on the side of his bed, and for some time they continued to weep in silence. At length Helen said:—

"That we should meet again thus! May God forgive all the mischief-makers! But you will forgive us, Philip; we have suffered, too—one does not give up old friends without a pang!"

"I have nothing to forgive *you*," replied Philip. "But how came you here? It was Charles who sent you?"

"You are right," said Helen; "it was from Charles that I heard of your situation, and of his interview with you, and I started in a moment. But now, what can I do for you? There is so little time—oh, it is frightful!"

Philip endeavoured to calm her agitation, though he had no calmness himself. He gazed on the beautiful girl, now grown more beautiful, more womanly, with a countenance full of intense feeling and anxiety. He learned that she had been travelling two days and a night from Devonshire—had only just taken breakfast at the coach inn, and was now impatient to discover some means of being of service. A long conversation took place—many things were explained on both sides—and Philip learned that not only Charles's father was dead, but hers also. That Cray-

thorne Manor was sold; the house partly pulled down, and converted into a ruin, intended to grow picturesque; the garden thrown open to the park, and the whole added to a neighbouring gentleman's demesne. There had been a misunderstanding betwixt Sir Huldicote Peters and Jeremiah Sterland, who was a large creditor—whence the shade which came into Sir Charles's face on the mention of his name.

"And I fear, too," said Philip, "that I have in some measure offended Mr. Sterland. My friend, Mr. Hyde, has written to him several days ago to entreat the exercise of his influence with the Government in my behalf—he has a wonderful influence with them—but he has taken no notice. Perhaps he has been also prejudiced—perhaps, in his pressing engagements, he has overlooked the letter."

"But he must not be allowed to be prejudiced—he must not be allowed to overlook the application," said Helen, her fine face now

as full of thought and sentiment as it used to be full of mirth. "I will go to him, and he *shall* attend to the matter. He has no quarrel with me, or, at least, I will have none with him, if he can be of any use."

"You go!" exclaimed Philip; "you are only just come! No, no, I cannot permit it."

"But you cannot, and shall not, hinder it, Philip, if I please," said Helen. "I am my own mistress. Tell me what you want, and I will do it, if possible."

"I will tell you," said he, "on condition that you write to Sterland, and don't go—that will do as well."

"Nonsense!" returned Helen, energetically. "And you think he neglects letters, and you would risk your fortunes on such a chance. I tell you, I will go, and at once—so it now depends on you whether I go well instructed, or not."

"You will!" said Philip, in astonishment.

"Then promise me, at least, to take a good sleep and refreshment at my friends, the Miss Ottiwells, before going."

"Very well," said she, "I will be reasonable, only do you be so too. So now, what am I to say?"

Philip explained to her that in the possession of Sir Francis Burdett and Major Cartwright was a full correspondence, including the amplest evidence of all that he had thought, said, and done in the matter of reform. All that he asked was, that ministers should allow this to be submitted to them by these gentlemen, and fully understood, and that Jeremiah Sterland should exert himself to procure this explanation, which ministers had so far obstinately refused

"I understand now," said Helen; "so give me the address of your lady friends here; I know that of Mr. Sterland."

Philip gave her the address; and, with affectionate exhortations to keep up his

spirits, Helen disappeared. When the prison door had closed after her, Philip sat down, and mused in astonishment at the extraordinary manner in which the spells of mystification, which had so long bound him, were breaking, and how old friendships were coming back in all their warmth and beauty, perhaps for a last short hour of sweetness. But he would not allow himself to grow gloomy; his friends were putting out all their strength on his behalf, and he resolved to exert himself too.

In less than two hours he had a visit from the Miss Ottiwells, to tell him how charmed they were with Miss Freemantle, and that nothing would induce her to allow the northern mail to pass without her. She was now on her way to London, attended by the old manservant she had brought with her, and would be there early in the morning. Neither Philip nor the ladies could sufficiently express their admiration of the womanly devotion of

Helen, or the abhorrence of the villainy which had so long sundered such friends.

But it must be the morning of the third day before they could hear anything of Helen's proceedings, for it will be remembered that there were neither railroads nor electric telegraphs in those days. The time passed in the most excruciating suspense.

On the third morning her letter came. She had seen Mr. Sterland. It was as Philip had surmised—Mr. Hyde's letter, in a heap of others, had never been opened. The good man was struck with consternation when he learned the contents of it, and had heard Helen's account of the urgency of the case. He had started up as from a deep dream, and hurried away to Downing Street. He had come back angry, disconcerted, but not daunted. "They *shall* hear me," he said; "they *shall* hear the evidence, spite of them;" and he had hurried off again to bring up Sir Francis, the Major, and the important evi-

dence. Helen expressed great confidence in the fine old engineer's dogged perseverance. They should hear further the following morning. The news fell like a damp cloud, notwithstanding Helen's affected confidence.

Philip and his friends passed four-and-twenty hours of horrible suspense. Another day, and the Judges would arrive—the Assizes would open!

The next morning Helen's letter stated that Sterland had forced a hearing. He and the Baronet and Major had been shut up all the previous evening with ministers in Downing Street. They were to go again at ten o'clock. She hoped for the best. Alas! her words conveyed little hope to the tortured feelings to which they came addressed.

The following morning no letter!—but the Judges coming in with their usual ceremonies; the meeting of them by the sheriff and his train of javelin-men; the ringing of bells—the charge to the grand jury—the going to

church, and, on the following morning, the Assizes opening in form. The excitement in the town was intense—the state of mind of Philip and his friends was indescribable.

In the afternoon the grand jury proceeded to their duties. The very first prisoner called before them was—the most noted—Philip Stanton. The charges were being brought forward. There were witnesses who were ready to swear to his participation both in the insurrection of Derbyshire, and in the armed meeting at Glasgow. The prisoner, pale, but outwardly composed, was already placed before the jurors. Already his legal adviser, Mr. Yendys, was casting an anxious glance at the door as the first witness was called in, when the gaoler announced that there had arrived an express from Government, and demanded instant admittance. The foreman bade him be introduced; and a considerable bustle being heard outside, as of clearing the passage, there entered a short, stout man,

with a remarkable bald head, and massive features, who thrust his way up to the foreman, and handed him a large letter with as large a seal. Philip seized the back of a chair standing near him to support him—he was deadly pale, and appeared ready to fall, for the bearer of the express was—Jeremiah Sterland.

There was a profound silence as the foreman proceeded to break open the despatch; which became, if possible, more profound as he deliberately unfolded it, and read, in the usual formal style of such documents:—

"In the name and behalf of his Majesty, George P. R. That whereas the case of Philip Stanton, who was accused of taking part in the seditious and treasonable outbreak at Pentridge in Derbyshire, and extending thence to Eastwood in Nottinghamshire, having been brought before his Majesty's ministers, and fresh facts being duly laid before them, they found sufficient reason to lay the case before

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on behalf of his Majesty, and he has been graciously pleased to withdraw all charges against the said Philip Stanton.

(Signed) "SIDMOUTH."

The reading of this despatch produced, as might be supposed, a breathless sensation amongst the grand jurors. The foreman congratulated the prisoner on his Majesty's goodness towards him, and added a few words of sober advice against moving into fresh danger, and he then informed him that he was at liberty to withdraw. Philip bowed, and was turning to retire, when Jeremiah Sterland suddenly seized his arm, and hurried with him out of the room.

"Philip, son of Hugh," he said, as they hastened along through a number of constables and policemen, and past the friendly gaoler, who took off his hat and congratulated his late prisoner on his discharge; "Philip, son of Hugh," repeated Jeremiah, continuing

to push on, "in truth thou hast been in no little peril. But we have plucked thee out of the lion's den; and now let us to dinner, for I am devouredly hungry."

They were already in the lobby of the County Hall, and were making their way through eager crowds of spectators, who soon comprehended that no bill was found against Philip Stanton, and pressed after him and the colossal man who was hurrying him along. At the door stood the chaise left there by Jeremiah, and he pushed in Philip, and followed himself in a state of great elation, bidding the postilion drive to Miss Ottiwells, in the Row. As they drove off, the crowd outside, becoming aware of the news, raised a loud hurrah; but this was mingled with a considerable number of groans and hisses. They caught instantly the ear of the great engineer.

"What means that?" he demanded. "Have we serpents here? Do they spit

their venom because an honest man has justice?"

"No," said Philip; "but because they believe that another Oliver has escaped."

"Poor fools," said Jeremiah; "they may fast awhile and learn better, whilst we enjoy our roast beef. But what a mess, my Philip, what a mess!" he exclaimed, as he now seized his hand, and held it affectionately; "and I tell thee, it was a stiff battle we had with Sidmouth and Castlereagh. Confound them! they would have liked to see that goodly head of thine cut off at one blow, they would. Aha! but they are checked for once. Bravo! Burdett!—bravo! old Major! —they all stuck to them! Bravissime! little Helen!—a brave girl, Philip, a brave girl!"

Philip was beginning to express his inexpressible obligations to them all, and to Jeremiah himself in chief, when the chaise stopped at the door of the millinery shop, and Philip was the next moment in the em-

braces of a cluster of exulting friends—Helen radiant as if she had undergone no fatigue, the Miss Ottiwells all smiles and tears, Lawrence Hyde, poor old Adam—all congratulating, all shaking him and his liberator by hands, sleeves, cuffs, elbows—anywhere that they could seize hold; and then they were all carried forward, as it were, in a true-lover's knot, into the house, and upstairs into the drawing-room, where we may leave them awhile to enjoy that moment of exquisite happiness, which only such moments realize, and which no words can express.

CHAPTER XII.

NEVER was there a more joyful dinner than that to which the friends sate down at the Miss Ottiwells'. Adam Criche was there almost beside himself with exultation, but he had run down to Snenton to carry the news to his wife and the canaries. Yes, he told the canaries with as much earnestness as he told his wife :—

"The rogues are defeated! Mr. Stanton is free! Sing, my birds, sing, if you ever sung in your lives!"—and he hung one cage after another in the shade of the house side, that they might have a glorious holiday.

And truly the little creatures seemed to understand him, for they struck up a most triumphant chorus, and the whole garden seemed one riot of rejoicing as the old man hurried back to town, proclaiming the good news of Philip's liberation all the way to one and another, and shaking hands on it with those who appeared properly to sympathize in the good tidings.

At the dinner Jeremiah Sterland seemed to fling about him billows and tides of exultation. He was no longer the dreamy calculator — he burst forth with wit and telling jokes, and seemed to revel in a prodigal fountain of happiness, that dashed its sparkling and many-coloured spray over the whole company. He could not help every now and then turning to Philip, clapping him on the shoulder, and exclaiming:—

"Philip, son of Hugh! what a day!" which, in his strong, robustious, Titanic gladness, expressed whole speeches. He beamed

and flashed round him the sunshine of a huge delight; and he made most gallant speeches to Helen, with whom he said he had fallen most desperately in love on the way, though she had broken off, by her audacious intrusion and importunity, one of the most momentous calculations. If the nation suffered, however, it was all her fault, and Philip's the son of Hugh. He complimented the Miss Ottiwells on their entertaining most illustrious characters — Helen the Invincible, Philip the Triumphant, and Jeremiah their Champion, who, he thought, had blown up the works of the enemy in a very creditable style. He complimented the little bustling Mr. Yendys for his victory without a battle; but that worthy man shook his head and said that had been a great loss. He had retained Mr. Denman, one of the most eloquent young barristers he had ever met with, and he had calculated that on this occasion Denman's opening defence, and Philip's own speech on his own behalf, would have electri-

fied, absolutely electrified, the whole country. Now, all was lost, killed in the bud, as it were, and his client rescued without the arduous conflict that would have given splendour to it.

"But you are wrong there, Mr. Solicitor, I can tell you," said Sterland; "there was a talk and a fight that would indeed electrify all England, if England had been permitted to hear it as it went on. I can tell you that I had a tug with Sidmouth and Castlereagh such as I never had with the Pindarries. Pyrrhus and Mithridates! but I thought all was lost, and that they would have hung, drawn, and quartered our young friend here, spite of all reason. Never did I see them in a more coolly dogged humour. They would have their way—they had settled it. 'Then, my lords,' I said, 'you have done with the services of Jeremiah Sterland.' They just did me the favour to say they were sorry, and that was all. Our friend here was too clever

by half, they said, to go loose. He had power to raise a rebellion and overturn the state. Ay, they complimented him at the price of his head."

"But you *did* beat them," said Yendys, in evident admiration.

"No—there again you are wrong, sir. It was Providence, and not I. Gentlemen," said Jeremiah Sterland, assuming a solemn air, "it was an awful Providence—I shudder even as I rejoice at it."

He took up his glass, filled it to the brim, and, raising it most solemnly, amid the astonishment of the company, said:—

"To the health, prosperity, and long life of Sir Philip Stanton, of Druid's Moor."

The whole table gazed in silent wonder. If this was a joke, it was a most ill-imagined one. Had the worthy engineer lost his head in his joy?

"That," said Yendys, "is a little before the dawn."

"Not an hour, not a minute," exclaimed Jeremiah, with solemn emphasis. "Listen! My arguments, I am certain, would have been all in vain, but for a most extraordinary event, in the hand of a strange Providence. 'Then,' said I, 'my lords, you are about to destroy a man who might one day be of the most signal support to the Government. See here,' and I drew from my pocket the French 'Courrier,' and read—'On the 30th of June, three English gentlemen, found to be Sir Marmaduke Stanton and his two sons, were capsized in a boat on the lake of Zug by a sudden squall, and themselves and the boatmen were drowned. The sensation which the circumstance occasioned in the neighbourhood may be imagined. The elder of the unfortunate deceased was high in the English ministry. We have seen the English courier who was present when the bodies were recovered, and who passed through this city yesterday on his way to London.'

"'Can that be true?' exclaimed the astonished ministers.

"'Too true,' I replied; 'for I have myself seen the same man at the house of the late Sir Marmaduke. Philip Stanton, my lords, is the sole heir to Sir Marmaduke—and now what say you?'

"'That alters matters greatly,' was the answer. 'The man of fortune will, no doubt, soon absorb the man of faction. We yield.'

"Sir Philip, your health," again said Sterland, drained off his glass, and sat down.

To describe the effect of that announcement on the company would be to describe the sensation produced by the shock of an earthquake. All sat silent for some time gazing on each other. Philip looked pale and aghast, as if some great calamity had befallen him. The lawyer was the first to recover his self-possession, and, starting up, stretched out his hand to shake that of

Philip, and to express his hearty congratulations. Philip took his hand, shook it, and remained silent as one in a dream. Adam Criche was the next to awake, striking his hand on the table, and crying:—

"Bravo! Sir Philip Stanton for ever!"

Lawrence rose and shook the hand of his friend in expressive silence. The ladies were all in tears of wonder and strange joy.

"But what a shocking catastrophe!" said Philip at length; "how ill, I am afraid, they were prepared for it! May God have mercy on their souls!"

All present said "Amen!"

"And they have literally no one to care for their remains but menials," added Philip. "Lady Stanton has been dead these four years. What ought I to do, Mr. Sterland? Though it may seem to lack delicacy, considering the vacuum my unfortunate relatives had placed betwixt us, ought I not to request that all proper respect should be paid to their

remains, and all proper measures taken for conveying them to the vault of their ancestors?"

"I would do that," said Sterland. "Write a letter to your late uncle's steward, and express your wish that you may be permitted to discharge this sacred duty, and that he will take orders on your behalf for all the necessary measures. And now, my dear friend, I must take my leave."

And, spite of all entreaties, the great engineer, taking a hearty farewell of the assembled friends, and kissing Helen, who he said had bewitched him, he went off by the evening coach for town. Imperative duties, he said, now demanded him, but he intended soon to throw them all to the winds, and come down and luxuriate amongst them. He liked them all, he said, amazingly; he thought they had all bewitched him—he never felt so much at home; and, as old Adam Criche saw him into the coach, he thrust a note into his waist-

coat pocket, telling him to spend it for the poor Government prisoners in the county gaol. When Adam looked at it, he found it was for fifty pounds.

It was some days before all parties concerned could familiarize to their own minds the new and extraordinary change which had taken place in Philip's fortunes. From the deepest anxiety they were suddenly raised not only to the joy of a complete delivery, but to the brilliant fact that Philip was suddenly invested with the rank of baronet, and with an estate of fifteen thousand a-year. On him the effect was that of a solemn joy. He felt in it the hand of God, who now demanded from him the redemption of those pledges for the benefit of the people at large which he had given under adverse circumstances. He felt the serious responsibility laid upon him, and he earnestly prayed that he might have the strength to discharge them faithfully. He said to his rejoicing friends :—

"There is one thing above all others to which I will, with God's help, devote myself—and that is, popular education. I have learned that education is the only true foundation for national prosperity and political right. What is it that gives to the upper and middle classes their power over the rest?—Education. It has shown them their rights and their duties, their friends and their enemies. What is it that has laid prostrate the whole industrial mass at the feet of the rest of the community?—Ignorance. What has made them the dupes of demagogues in all ages, and of spies and incendiaries now? — Ignorance. Nothing but the grossest ignorance could have led these poor starving millions of to-day to believe the base spies sent amongst them, and to reject and malign their best friends. Till the whole people is educated, there can be no just conception of their rights, and of their neighbours' rights — no stability of opinion amongst them—no

sound knowledge of their power and their responsibilities. Nothing but universal education can insure the universal operation of the science of government. When they are educated, the people will know their duties and their friends, as well as any other class; and nothing but that education, judicious, Christian, and moral, can save them from their enemies or from themselves. Nothing but that can call forth the whole inventive and constructive power of the population, and enable the nation to accomplish all that God has provided for in human endowment, and intends for mankind."

Freed in this wondrous manner from his own troubles, Philip was eager to do everything that was possible for the other prisoners. It was soon announced that two others besides himself had been released, through the grand jury finding no bills against them; but twelve remained in their prison, and double that number lay in Derby county jail, awaiting their fate.

It was soon also announced by the judges that, owing to the large amount of business before the court, all these political cases would be left to be tried at a special assize, to be held at Derby at a later date.

Philip, Lawrence, and Adam, therefore, procured orders for admission to the prisoners, both there and at Derby, and gave orders for all amelioration of their condition that the law permitted to be extended to them. They also made a visit to the neighbourhood where their families principally resided—Pentridge, South Wingfield, and Alfreton—inquired into their necessities, and did what they could to alleviate them. In these inquiries, but still more in those which they extended to that extraordinary Sutton-in-Ashfield which had so much astonished North and South, and to the lower parts of Nottingham, to Broad and Narrow Marsh, and other still denser localities, scenes were revealed that struck them

with wonder and horror, and made the spirit of rebellion no longer a marvel.

They there found hundreds of families huddled into the most awful dens and holes that ever human creatures haunted—crowded together, because unable to pay the rent of the meanest abode in single families. Ghastly places, without furniture, except some heaps of rags or straw for beds, and some iron pots to boil their wretched messes in, whatever they were. Hundreds of such families depending alone on the meagre dole of the parish; thousands on the almost equally meagre dole of their own earnings, in these hard and disjointed times. Their food chiefly potatoes and a little flour, and that not lasting through the week, when famine came down on them in terrible ferocity. Lean and squalid men sate cowering in a mood made fierce and savage by want, and the cries of their hungering children. Mothers wasted to skeletons, with infants vainly seeking nourishment at

their exhausted breasts. Women surrounded by crowds of dirty and clamorous children, who were suffering all the slow agonies of starvation. Nettles, dandelions, grass, had been gathered and boiled to still the ravings of their hunger. The last remains of turnip or carrot had been gathered from fields and stripped garden-plots. Nocturnal visits had been made to the growing crops of farmers round, and the midnight slaughter of sheep had become nothing uncommon.

Yet still the horrors of that terrible time raged on, and the sufferers saw no prospect of its ending. We have heard a gentleman, now risen to affluence by his industry and abilities, but who was then a poor boy, in the midst of this misery, describe the tortures which he had to endure from actual famine. The memory which he has of the looks of his mother starving herself to afford a life-preserving morsel to her children. The tortures which he suffered too, from witnessing the

sufferings of an idiot brother whom he tended, and to whom he was intensely attached, without being able to help him. How he had dug for roots in the fields for him frantically, and moaned and wept over him at night as he gasped eagerly for food in his sleep.

They who live now in prosperous, improved, enlightened, sympathizing England, can never conceive fully the hard, and dark, and bitter England of that day.

Whilst Philip and his companions were making these melancholy researches, a letter arrived from the steward of the late Sir Marmaduke Stanton, who was also his lawyer, fully admitting his accession to the title and estates of his uncle, and offering, in most courteous style, to put everything at his pleasure and inspection. He had, he said, issued orders that all the offices of respect and honour should be paid to the remains of the late Sir Marmaduke and his sons, and dispatched a most trustworthy person to see their

bodies conveyed to England. He added that he should be glad to have an early interview with Sir Philip, to receive his instructions for the funeral on the arrival of the bodies of the deceased, as well as for the future management of affairs.

Though Philip felt averse to make any public entry on the estate at Druid's Moor under the recent melancholy circumstances, he proposed to Lawrence and Adam to accompany him on a private visit. They, therefore, hired a phaeton, and drove over quietly, desiring the steward to keep the circumstance private. In their way they passed through Pentridge once more, and saw to their astonishment that the ducal proprietor, in a fit of indignant patriotism, had proceeded to purge his property of the tainted sedition, by pulling down, stick and stone, the White Horse public-house where the conspirators had met, and the dwellings themselves of the poor deluded rustic insurgents. Already

workmen were hurling down walls, plunging down beams and spars amid clouds of dust and lime, and a few weeks would see the offending tenements no more.

As the evening had already closed in, our travellers entered the gates of Druid's Moor House, and the steward quietly welcomed Sir Philip to the home of his ancestors. After a good dinner, he and the steward were closeted for a couple of hours together, and the next morning the three friends took a leisurely survey of the stately old house, the garden and grounds. They then issued forth, and rambled into the woods and over the moorlands, Philip pointing out the scenes as he recollected them in the dim and distant visit of his childhood with his father, though he had never before entered the gates of his patrimonial house.

Not a soul beyond the steward seemed to suspect who they were. They were imagined to be agents of the new proprietor, come on

his affairs; and they rambled through the adjoining village, took a glance at the church and parsonage, where Philip said he hoped ere long to see Lawrence Hyde located, and Adam made tenant for life of some one of those snug, substantial grey cottages, with their plentiful gardens, where the canaries might carol at their pleasure. The present clergyman was very old, and nearly superannuated, and Philip proposed that Lawrence should do the duty for him as curate, charging himself with the necessary salary so long as the rector lived. To which he thought he could not object.

To say that Lawrence and Adam were made most happy in the prospect is to say little. The country round was eminently beautiful; the Hall was a fine old baronial-looking mansion of grey stone; and the village, skirting the banks of the rocky and rapid Lathkill, was the perfect ideal of an old English village. The churchyard occupied a

fine grassy swell in the centre of the village, shaded by its gigantic sycamores, and its chief entrance overarched by a darkly rich avenue of yews. A massy old grey bridge spanned the river, and the cottages were scattered about in their pleasant gardens with an air of most substantial comfort. Amongst them showed itself, exactly opposite to the church-yard gates, the ample grey-stone parsonage, with its large garden sloping to the sun, with its tall grey wall facing the south, covered with fruit-trees, the house-ends themselves being completely covered with well-trained pear-trees, and, here and there, a clipped box-tree, and walks with their tall, square box edges, looking enough to make a man, with our curate's passion for gardening, commit the sin of coveting his neighbour's goods, and thinking the poor old incumbent would not be worse off in Heaven. Certainly that must have been the "crook in the lot," the awful temptation to be dreaded in his new Eden.

The three friends returned in great satisfaction to Nottingham. There they found that Helen Freemantle had taken up her quarters with the Miss Ottiwells, and had grown already into a great friendship for them. She had been making excursions with them to the different pleasant spots of the neighbourhood —to their garden, with its charming readings and tea-drinkings—to their schools and reformatories. Philip, before going away, had authorized them to draw on him for means to relieve what they could of the distress existing around them; and, as Helen had no relatives, except her brother's family, in England, she proposed to make her home here for the present.

CHAPTER XIII.

As Philip did not intend to take possession of Druid's Moor for some time, he had horses sent thence, and an open carriage, and took a modest, ready-furnished house on Standard Hill for a few months, where he could see his friends. He could thus extend their pleasures by making them companions of his rides and drives in the pleasant country round Nottingham. When the rest of her friends were engaged in their various duties, he had the company of Helen in rides and walks—took her to Newstead, to the old remains of the Forest of Sherwood, and other places, and in

such excursions talked over once more their past acquaintanceship, and the events which had since taken place. What a revolution there seemed to Philip to have occurred in about a couple of years! Sir Huldicote Peters and Mr. Freemantle were dead. From her he learned that the affairs of Sir Huldicote had probably hastened the end of both her father and the baronet. It was found that he had greatly over-speculated in land. Spite of the corn-laws, it had been impossible to make it pay the heavy amount of money raised on mortgages. Sir Huldicote had, by some means, greatly offended Mr. Sterland, who was a principal mortgagee, and who was sometimes as impetuous in his resentful passions as in his benevolent ones. However that may be, he called in suddenly all his money. The difficulties of making extensive new mortgages, and the onerous expense, together with the alarm given to other creditors, so preyed on the old baronet, that

his health gave way, and he soon died of apoplexy. The rector, who had been, as it were, a part of the old baronet and his affairs for a quarter of a century, soon followed, as by sympathy. When Charles came to look into the state of affairs, he found it so tangled and miserable, that he cut the knot—he sold the estate, as he found he could do, paid all off, and was left with his commission and a small capital, which he had invested in some farms, without any mansion. She was happy to say, however, that he had now obtained a colonelcy of cavalry, and was likely to marry an heiress in Ireland, a very sweet and amiable girl. Lady Peters retained her jointure, and lived on it abroad.

"But," said Helen one day, "Sir Philip, you never ask after our mutual friend, my cousin Paulina."

"Why should I?" replied he, first flushing greatly, and then becoming as pale. "I hope she is happily married, however."

"Married!" exclaimed Helen; "Paulina married! How came you to think of such a thing?"

"I thought so," said Philip, evidently greatly agitated by Helen's words; "I thought so, Helen, because I saw it announced in many papers, amongst approaching alliances in high life, that Miss Peters was about to marry the Hon. Colonel Lennox, a man of high family and large fortune."

"Yes, but—" said Helen, looking intently at Philip, with a singular mixed expression—"but all that was without Paulina's authority. The family—that is, the old people and my brother Hargrave—were enthusiastically for it, and gave Colonel Lennox every hope; but no—Paulina will never marry, except it be to one who does not now seem to care for her, has never inquired after her, and has never enabled me in my letters—for I have written very often—to say one word that implied a remembrance in that quarter."

Philip was in a strange state of mind. Paulina still free—still dwelling with interest on the old affection; it was too much for human belief, for human hope. He rode on in deep silence for some time; then, without meeting Helen's active, lively, inquisitive eyes, he said:—

"Gracious Heaven! and through my foolish ignorance, through my too easy belief in the estrangement of a heart like Paulina's, I can so long have appeared forgetful of her. And, Helen, have you then taken the trouble to mention me and my miserable affairs to Paulina?"

"All, everything," said Helen, energeti cally. "Charles preceded me. He wrote to her when he wrote to me. He declared frankly how much he believed we had all misunderstood you; that he felt after his interview that you were the same stable, unchanged Philip Stanton as ever. Those words, which brought me up to you, you may be sure

threw Paulina into a state of great agitation. She is now with her mother, at Heidelberg, in Germany, where I should now have been with her, but for your affairs suddenly bursting on me. But you may be sure I have not suffered many posts to pass without letting her know all—all our fears, our anxieties, and our triumph!"

"Triumph!" echoed Philip; "and still no word of remembrance from me! How strange, how unkind it must have appeared to her! And yet she has not sent any word of old remembered kindness, of friendly reconciliation to me. You, Helen, you came at once like a noble, generous creature as you are; but Paulina—"

"But Paulina," said she, taking up Philip's words, "was not to blame. No one could more rejoice in the idea of your being still blameless, still the same; and she wrote at once—'If he still cares for me, if he still thinks or speaks of me, say how warmly, how inex-

pressibly I sympathize in his troubles.' But you never did speak, never did seem to remember Paulina; and, with a friend's jealousy of her friend's just pride, I kept the messages to myself. If there be any mischief done—and oh! how deeply my Paulina must be wounded by the apparent neglect—I only am to blame. But I could bear your strange silence no longer; and now, thank Heaven, I know the cause, I will instantly make all the amends I can for my sin."

"Oh, that you had but spoken!" Philip said, in great anguish of mind. "Still, how could you have suspected the cause of my silence? But it must be remedied. I will set off this very day—I will fly over sea and land; this fatal, miserable mistake *must* be cleared up."

"Yes, yes, in Heaven's name go!" exclaimed Helen; "I will write by you, and explain all. I daresay you will find Paulina deeply grieved, deeply wounded, deeply un-

happy; and she is proud, very proud—you must not be surprised if she resents, and shews her resentment by an outward coldness; but her heart is too noble to persist in anger. All will, *must* come right. But remember, dear Philip, that circumstances are now changed—now it is Paulina that is poor—you that are great, and affluent, and famous. Remember that, and don't be surprised at the proud feeling with which these things may inspire Paulina."

"I can forgive and endure anything," said Philip, "but the thought of my own stupidity, and the pain which Paulina must have suffered."

That day saw Philip on the way to London. Travelling of any kind was slow in those days; nevertheless, the next saw him crossing in the packet to Antwerp, where he journeyed along across Belgium as fast as the old diligence could carry him—for then there were no railways, nor steamers skimming the swel-

ling waters of the Rhine; but still, in the lumbering, jingling diligence, night and day, he was advancing along the banks of that beautiful river, amid all the changing scenes of its old castellated heights, its neat vineyards, its old picturesque towns, and its peasants in their varying costumes, busy amongst their vines, whose clusters were fast ripening beneath the August sun. A sense of the fairy beauty of the scene through which he passed, mingled with the hopes and fears which alternately filled his thoughts, as he now slept, now woke and wondered, and went journeying on.

It was on a glowing afternoon that, having rattled along the old Hauptstrasse of old Heidelberg, struck with admiration of the hills hanging on all sides above the roofs of the town, with their castled crags and their verduous woods, Philip alighted at the Badensche Hof; and, having washed and refreshed himself, was conducted through several

cross streets to a large white house at the foot of the hills skirting the town. His guide left him at the gate, announcing that as "Die Wohnung der Milady Petters."

His heart was beating with a strange anxiety and other emotions as he entered the court, round which stood large oleanders, white and red, in tubs, in full bloom, and the verduous vineyards on the slope above lay basking in fervid, still sunshine. With a trembling hand he rang the bell, and a fair and plump German maiden, with her light blue eyes and auburn hair, appearing after a long interval, in answer to his inquiry, informed him that milady was taking her siesta "nach Tisch."

"Und das Fräulein?"

"Ach! sie ist irgendwo da drüben in dem Kastanien Wald," pointing to an old chestnut wood which covered part of the hill above.

Philip was familiar with the German language, having learnt it from a fellow usher in

the school where he had so long taught; and having been in the habit of conversing in it with this youth, and listening to his enthusiastic praises of all the charms of Germany—its native beauties, its literature, its legends, and its poetry. Karl Bodelschwing was now a pastor and a celebrated poet somewhere in the Rhinelands, and Philip promised himself the pleasure of paying him a visit, if things sped well here.

He now tracked his way through the basking vineyard, with its great purple bunches already showing themselves in fast advancing ripeness amongst the leaves, and, crossing a low wall, began anxiously to ascend the grassy slope into the wood. He had already passed over the shoulder of the hill, scattered with its ancient chestnut trees, and was still advancing higher, his eyes before him exploring all the open spaces, when he at length caught sight of the object of his search seated on the ground at the foot

of a steep mossy bank, overhung with tall hazel bushes. She had come out without her bonnet. Her parasol, directed to shade off the straggling rays of the sun which flashed through the leaves, partly concealed her head of rich black hair. Her dress flowed around her, and the book was lying face downwards on the sun-burnt sward.

Philip's knees trembled beneath him as he thus came suddenly and unnoticed into the view of the object to him the dearest that the earth contained. During the moment that he paused she lowered her parasol, and he beheld her face—how divinely beautiful! but how melancholy! She appeared to be gazing in profound and sad thought on that vast scene which stretched itself like a map at her feet. The great Rhine-plain, chequered with the many hues of its different crops, and of the stubbles already cleared of their corn, and with its scores of villages scattered over it for many a mile, to the foot of the opposite

mountains. It was a scene to inspire admiration in the beholder; but Philip saw it not—he saw only one object, and that more beautiful still, but impressed with a sadness that surely arose not from the scene.

As he thus advanced with a step of summoned resolution, Paulina became aware of some one's approach; turned a look upon the stranger, who was evidently seeking her; suddenly sprung to her feet—flushed all crimson as a rose, and then turned as pale, and trembled violently.

"Paulina!"

"Philip!" were the only words that passed, as Philip rushed forward and offered his hand, which the next moment was cordially grasped in the trembling one of Miss Peters.

When the lovers, so long severed, and, as it seemed, for ever, and now so suddenly brought together again, had somewhat regained their composure, Paulina said:—

"This is a surprise! When, Sir Philip, did you come?" She would have added, "What has brought you hither?" But the words did not issue from her lips—she felt too well the wherefore.

Philip gazed in a transport of wonder at the beauty which he thought he never had forgotten one trace of, and yet it now seemed more heavenly, more entrancing than he had conceived. There was a melancholy shadow lying amidst the very radiance of her face, which was kindled by this delightful surprise, which told him that she had passed through a deep baptism, and that sorrow and suffering had only given a higher tone to her spirit.

To Paulina's question, when had he come, Philip replied that moment, and he hastened to explain to her the cruel mistake which had prevented him sooner being with her. She blushed warmly at the belief that she had been long married, and then a shade of melancholy settled on her face, amid the certain evidence

that the explanation of Philip's silence brought a real relief to her bosom. He then gave her Helen's letter, to confirm his own words; and whilst she ran it over he watched the workings of her eloquent face, and saw, with a feeling full of eagerly grasping hope, a tender emotion gather about her lips, a tear glitter in her dark eyelash. Suddenly closing the letter, she said, hastily :—

"Let us go to my mother—she will be very glad to see you!"

And with that she took Philip's arm with the frank manner of her old affection, and began to descend the hill.

"But will Lady Peters really be pleased to see me?" said Philip, doubtingly.

"Certainly," said Paulina, laughing. "You are already reconciled. I believe my mother to have been secretly your friend in the old times. You are now Sir Philip Stanton — that is itself a great thing with poor dear mamma; but the Archdeacon

is no longer her idol, and that is more."

"She has then," said Philip, "penetrated his real character?"

"Alas!" replied Paulina, "when circumstances changed with us, that character came out only too strongly. When he found that Charles would not consent, on the death of my dear father, that my uncle should resign his living, and he himself be inducted into it before the estate was sold, he—but—I will not go into the painful subject—enough, he conducted himself so, used such language regarding my dear father, that he passed at once from an object of almost worship with my mother to one of utter abhorrence. Since Charles has written, and spoken well of you—and Helen, dear, enthusiastic girl, has sounded your praises—my mother has confessed an old and strong regard for you, and you have attained to the seventh heaven of her admiration; for it was Hargrave, she says, who did all the mischief, and that but for

him papa and my uncle might now have been living. And truly I think so too."

They were now at the house. They found Lady Peters in the drawing-room, reclining on the sofa, grown conspicuously much stouter, and evidently overdone with the heat, though she sate with all the windows open, and the lattices closed. Paulina, advancing towards her, said, with a smile :—

"Dear mamma, here is an English friend ! "

Lady Peters rose hastily, gazed at the tall, dark-haired stranger, exclaiming, "Upon my word, Sir Philip Stanton ! " gave him her hand with all the friendly warmth of one who had never had a moment's alienation or unfriendly feeling towards the visitor. She expressed her great pleasure to see him once more ; congratulated him on his good fortune, as a matter of course, and did not advance far without breaking out suddenly with the exclamation :—

"Ah! that Hargrave!—he is a very bad man, Sir Philip—a very shameful, wicked man! Oh! the mischief that man has done on all sides!"

And, overcome by her feelings, she sate down again, and, shaking her head, said:—

"Yes, indeed, I shall never be able to forgive him, I think, even if my salvation depend on it!"

"Never mind Hargrave, dearest mamma," said Paulina; "Sir Philip has had to make the acquaintance of more bad men than one. Let us think now only of what is pleasant. Sir Philip is quite a stranger to Germany; we will have some coffee, and then I propose to show him a little of the town and the castle gardens: if you will have tea ready for us, and then we can spend a pleasant evening altogether."

"Oh, by all means," said Lady Peters. "It is too hot for me out of doors yet, but I will have all ready by the time you return."

Paulina went out to order coffee, and perhaps to seek a little composure for her own feelings, and Lady Peters took the opportunity again to say how delighted she was that Philip had come to see them, and that now she hoped all the past would be forgotten, and all the Archdeacon's mischief come to an end. This naïveté, if such it could be called, impressed Philip; he understood fully that Lady Peters believed he was come to renew his engagement to Paulina, and that he had her most cordial consent. He assured her that he trusted it would be so; that it was his most fervent desire, and the face of Lady Peters assumed the most radiant complacency. It is possible that she already had tried on her tongue how well "Lady Stanton" would sound for her daughter, and saw already, in imagination, the stately towers and woods of Druid's Moor welcoming their new mistress; it is more possible that the old regard and attachment sprung up again under the

more favourable circumstances, and that the good old lady joyfully returned to her former sentiments. Even the noble nature of Paulina need not have blushed could she have heard her mother's words.

Paulina led Philip through the streets of the old town, swarming with students in their various national caps, and pointed out to him the University, the Museum, and the most striking churches; and then ascended the steep slope to the castle, from the terrace of which the lovely valley of the Neckar was seen in all its beauty, and whence the sound of the river came up sonorously. They wandered through the gardens, beneath the shady boughs, and marked the various groups at their wine or coffee at the casino, and Philip could not sufficiently express his sense of the pleasance of the place. They continued their walk for some distance beyond, by what Paulina called Schiller's Walk, to where a seat commanded a view of the Neckar upwards and the forest hills around.

"How many times have I sat here," said Paulina, "and envied those laundresses who wash their linen in yonder stream."

"But I trust you will never feel so sorrowful again," said Philip. "For myself, there needs only one thing to make all earth a paradise to me, and that is to be assured that the past has not left any fracture in our mutual affection. That, my Paulina, has brought me hither."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, Philip," said Paulina, in a touching tone. "Helen has told me your generous and unabated regard for me—your journey here sufficiently attests it. I will be as frank as you are noble—it would be my perfect happiness to be assured that we are just what we were in all respects. But are we so? On the most important of topics, are we so? Strongly as, I confess, my heart rebels against my duty, that is a point on which difference were fatal."

"You mean the Church, dearest Paulina;

that first made you doubt me; but as I know your thoughts and feelings intimately on that head, there is no subject on which we are more agreed. Let me assure you, there never was a difference."

"Thank God!" said Paulina; "I believe you, and so far I am happy."

"And can there possibly be any other thing that can come between us?" asked Philip, wonderingly.

Paulina looked down, and said in a faltering voice—"Yes, we are no longer as we were. I am no longer, dear Philip, a wealthy woman. I rejected you when you were poor and unfortunate—it were mean, methinks, to accept you now."

Philip turned with something like wounded feeling. "What!" he said, "could you, my Paulina, accept me when I was poor, and yet be too proud to allow me the pleasure of offering you now my fortune! Can wealth make a difference in true love?"

Paulina blushed warmly. "You are right," she said; "it is but miserable pride. I ought to do you nobler justice, and I will; but still bear with me, there is another difficulty—my mother. She is left now alone with me. Charles is and must be away, perhaps called to foreign or colonial service. She cannot bear her own solitary thoughts — too many sad retrospections haunt her. She is living here carefully for my sake—my sole fortune must be the savings of her jointure. I cannot leave her. With such happiness as I should enjoy with you, and she alone, I should feel myself criminal."

Philip sprung up joyfully. "And is that all? Then, dearest Paulina, it is settled. Your mother shall live with us. My house, both in town and country, is large enough. It shall be my pleasure to make her forget the comforts and splendour of the past. I shall entreat Helen to make her abode too with us—what can we desire more?"

Paulina rose, her eyes bright with gushing tears, gushing amid smiles. She took Philip's offered hand, and they began walking towards the town. We need not describe their walk back—the beaming faces of the re-united lovers showed that all their clouds had disappeared; that their hearts were in perfect unison with each other and the lovely nature around them. Philip said that to him everything seemed a part of Paradise, and Paulina's happy and peerless countenance said the same.

Lady Peters observed, as they entered, that they must have had a long walk; but then the weather was so charming, and she had not thought it long. The tea came in; the instinct of the mother's heart told her, from the happy faces of the young people, that all was settled—all was understood; and when Philip took his leave for the night, and Paulina told her that Sir Philip Stanton had renewed his proposals, and she had accepted them, she said:—

"I knew it, child, I knew it at the first glance."

But when Paulina added that Philip insisted on her taking up her abode with them, or near them, as she might prefer, Lady Peters became happy beyond expression—so happy that she could only express it by again anathematizing the unspeakable wickedness of the Archdeacon.

CHAPTER XIV.

How bright and beautiful now rose the sun on Sir Philip! A few weeks ago he was lying in prison, poor, persecuted, threatened with a most unjust and ignominious fate. Now he awoke free, rich, distinguished, his highest wishes crowned, his deepest affections blessed: life stood before him all purple-hued and roseate with hope. As he looked out of his window at the Badensche Hof, and saw the woody heights of the Heiligeberg and the blue sky smiling above it, a new world seemed to have suddenly opened upon him, and he must have been a very different

person to what he was had he not felt deeply grateful to the Giver of all good gifts. Every care banished from his soul, every joyous impulse called into play, he entered into his new existence with an inconceivable enjoyment. Everything around him was full of curiosity and interest to him.

The appearance and manners of the Germans were hitherto known only to him in books, and the glowing descriptions of his friend Bodelschwing. He could never sufficiently observe the quaint and old-fashioned character of the streets, and houses, and costumes, and carriages of the people, both of town and country. He could never sufficiently traverse the environs of that charming old place, with the lovely form of Paulina always flitting at his side, the beam of her countenance continually turned upon him, the music of her cheerful and affectionate voice in his ears. She was his cicerone, his instructor in all that was characteristic and

curious. With her he took his glass of wine or coffee at the out-of-door tables, in the Castle gardens, or wandered to some rural resort, at the Stift Mill, the Bierhälter Hof, or clomb to the lofty summit of the hill called the Königstuhl, from the tower on which they commanded the immense prospect of the Odenwald, the winding Neckar, and the vast Rhine plain. Then they made wider excursions, taking the delighted Lady Peters with them, in the most splendid equipage that the little old city could furnish; with a coachman in yellow and red, who made every street and village cognizant of his importance by the loud cracking of his whip. Schwetzingen, with its French gardens—Neckarsteinach, with its old castles and lovely valleys—Weinheim, and the woods and vales of the primitive Odenwald, engaged many a day of sunniest happiness.

Meantime it was settled that, as Philip must be in England again in September, when the Special Assizes would take place at Derby

to decide the fate of the poor men, in whom he only took the greater interest from his own exceeding good fortune, the wedding should take place at Heidelberg as soon as the special licence should arrive from England, which Lawrence and Helen, who were to be present, were to bring with them. It was necessary that the nearest English Consul, the one at Carlsruhe, should be present; and as this was Brackenbury, whom Philip had seen at Paris, it was particularly agreeable.

Philip had written to Karl Bodelschwing to inform him of his being in Heidelberg, and of his intention to pay him a visit before he left Germany; and in a few days that young pastor, now shot up into a very tall thin man, dressed in the homely clerical garb of a country pastor, with a very long coat, and very long hair hanging over his shoulders, made his appearance in Heidelberg. Pastor as he was, however, he retained all his boyish enthusiasm for poetry, and, above all, his

beloved Klopstock, for nature and his "fatherland." He was struck with intensest admiration of the charms of Philip's bride, as he persisted in calling Paulina, in German fashion. He declared that Helen of Greece herself never equalled her grace, "so entzückend, so herz-inniglich gemüthlich, so seelenvoll." Philip learned through him that he was not solitary in that opinion. Paulina had innocently been committing dreadful havoc in the sentimental, most susceptible studentdom of Heidelberg. She had been the object of deepest worship wherever she had appeared. Songs were composed, duels fought, in her honour; and now that it was learned that a handsome and titled Englishman was come to carry her away, they were determined to get up a grand serenade and torch train in her honour.

Bodelschwing introduced Philip to all the most distinguished professors; and initiated him, clergyman as he was, into all the jovi-

alities and strange customs of student life. Philip invited a number of the most distinguished students of different nationalities to a supper at his table, where they entertained him with their most famous songs.

But Bodelschwing's absence from his parish was necessarily short. He presented his old friend with a handsomely bound copy of his own very popular poems, and Paulina with another of his collection of German volkslieder, with the music, and took his leave in ecstacies at the idea of soon receiving the distinguished pair under his humble roof at Blauenheim.

One fine morning Helen Freemantle, accompanied by the two Miss Ottiwells, who had entrusted their shop, their schools, and their reformatories for a fortnight to the management of a friend, alighted from the great lumbering diligence at the door of the Posthaus, into the embrace of Paulina and the delighted hands of Philip, the three ladies

having had the escort of Lawrence Hyde on their long and arduous journey. But long and arduous as such a journey was in those days, none of the four appeared much overcome with fatigue; but, on the contrary, were in raptures with the newness of everything they had encountered, and with the beauty of the environs of the old town, as they broke upon them in their approach.

The day but one afterwards, the wedding was to take place at Lady Peters' residence; but here an unexpected difficulty took place. Paulina had reserved the post of principal bridesmaid for Helen; but Helen said she was sorry, but she could not accept it. "Why not?" exclaimed both Paulina and Philip and Lady Peters in a breath, and in wondrous suspense.

"Oh," said Helen, blushing and laughing, "out of no disrespect to you and Paulina, but simply—simply—because I am going to be married to Lawrence at the same time!"

"What! how!" burst from the astonished group. Paulina sprang up, and clasped Helen in an impetuous embrace; and then, looking in her merry face, said:—

"So that's the way you go on when left to yourself! Oh, you treacherous, cunning, wicked little creature!" and then she embraced and kissed her again; and there was the most wonderful scene imaginable of laughing, shaking of hands, kissing of the ladies—and such a merriment that the servants must have thought the English all going mad together.

It would be difficult to say whether Paulina's or Philip's delight was the greater. No marriage could have been more to their heart's desire, yet none more undreamed of. The arrangements as to bridesmaids were soon made. One of the Miss Ottiwells was to officiate for each of the cousins. One or two more, already selected and arrayed by Paulina from her young German friends, were divided

betwixt them, and a more joyous brace of weddings never took place; none where two more lovely and lovable women were given away. Given away indeed! Who would not have been overjoyed at such a gift!

In the little wedding trips which each couple had arranged, and which were necessarily short, from the necessity of Philip being in England again by the 25th of September, when the Special Assizes were to come on, and because Philip and Paulina wished all the party to be present at their taking possession of their new house, the latter took the dorf of Blauenheim in the Rhinelands on their way in returning.

Karl Bodelschwing had been in a state of high excitement all the time, in expectation of their visit. There was little in the place to attract the admiration of his English friends, except Philip's friendship for the warm-hearted pastor and poet. It was an agricultural dorf, like a thousand others on

the great flat of the Rhine-plain, consisting of a few dozen cottages of mud walls and thatched roofs, and some half-dozen great farm-houses, with their heavy buildings erected round a quadrangular court, and entered by a huge, heavy, arched gateway, showing within a strange rude scene of cattle-sheds, and heaps of timber, and queer, long light waggons, called leiter or ladder-waggons, from their open barred sides; and huge wine and cider tuns, and a strong smell of tobacco, the leaves of which were hanging to dry in bunches from the roofs of the sheds, or disposed in frames along the walls. The dorf was surrounded by a number of vineyards, gardens, and orchards, in which plum-trees especially abounded; and all beyond was one open unfenced plain, marked only by the different crops of mangel-wurzel, hemp, flax, tobacco, corn, Indian corn, &c., which were now, or had been, growing; and by long, straight parallel lines of fruit-trees stretching

from that village, in two or three directions, to others in the neighbourhood.

Such were the bald, uninviting features of the place in which fortune and the government had cast the lot of a poet. It was true that on one side the eye commanded the fine woods and ranges of the Schwarzwald, dark with its pines; and at a great distance, on the other, the blue outline of the hills on the French frontiers. But when you came to enquire what intellectual resources this naturally threadbare Blauenheim presented in compensation, truly they appeared very meagre indeed. Besides the farmers and peasantry, whose ideas extended very little beyond their cattle and crops, and the romantic stories accustomed to be read around the stove in winter, when all without was one naked, snowy, and bleak waste, without one sheltering bush or copse, or one attractive object, there were only the village Doctor and the Government Forstverwalter, or Wood Steward,

who managed the distant woodlands, whose dark edge might be descried some miles off on the plain, and which supplied the neighbouring dorfs with their fuel, there was literally no society which could offer the least intellectual refreshment. The Doctor and the Verwalter, however, had both graduated at the University of Heidelberg, and received their certificates entitling them to their appointments; and they managed to keep up an intercourse, though not very active, with the clergy and officials of the surrounding dorfs. These occasional exchanges of visits, and the newspapers, were the only enliveners of their monotonous existence, as they are of thousands of obscure villages of Germany, or rather were, till the all-briskening, all-moving railways threw their fermenting yeast into the slumberous system of existence.

Sir Philip and Lady Stanton might, on a hot and dusty afternoon towards the end of August, be seen advancing at a sober pace

in their hired carriage, and with their sober German Kutcher, between the apparently interminable two rows of apple-trees which bordered the road on each side towards the village of Blauenheim. The trees were hung with loads of fruit, and many of them were propped with poles, and their boughs secured with clamps, to prevent the weight of fruit breaking them down. In the fields were seen men and women, the latter in strange flat hats of some yard nearly in diameter, busy at work in the fields, pulling the hemp as it ripened, or gathering the leaves of the tobacco. As they neared the entrance of the village, they were surprised to find a triumphal arch woven of spruce boughs, and interwoven with brilliant flowers, dahlias, roses, and others, and these words, in large letters of brilliant blue flowers on a white ground, emblazoned on it—"Willkommen den lieben Englischen Herrschaften!" As they progressed, other strings and garlands of leaves and flowers

were stretched across the way over their heads —and the cottages, many of them displayed wreaths of evergreens and roses, suspended over their doors, with the word "Willkommen."

All the inhabitants appeared to be in their best attire—and young girls came and presented gorgeous bouquets, and flung others into their carriage—whilst the young peasant men waved their caps as they passed, and shouted "Lebe hoch!" It was a gala so tasteful, so hearty, and so unexpected, that the young travellers were greatly affected by it.

The Pfarrhaus, or parsonage, was soon discovered by the appearance of another triumphal arch of evergreens and flowers spanning its gateway, bearing the words in scarlet geranium flowers, "Den theuersten Freunden den gesegnesten Willkommen!" There stood the delighted pastor in his best clerical habit, with his pretty, amiable-looking wife, and a stout girl, having in her arms their little boy of some twelve months old, with

light blue eyes, all wide with wonder, and his flaxen locks around his fair plump face—and there, too, were the Doctor and the Verwalter in their holiday garbs, all ready to give a fitting welcome to the English lord and lady—for they deemed them nothing less. As the travellers descended from the carriage, they were suddenly enveloped by the enthusiastic greetings of their German friends. Philip received a succession of embraces and salutes on both cheeks from the gentlemen, and Lady Stanton received the most profound bows and congratulations from the same polite parties. Paulina cordially kissed the delighted Pfarrerinn and her blooming little boy, and with much *empressement* they were ushered into the parsonage.

Nothing could be more simple than this parsonage. It differed little in any respect from the cottages around, except that it was more roomy. It had plenty of space; three or four rooms on the ground floor, but all

of the most old-fashioned and rustic character. The dinner-table was already set in the room which they first entered. There was then a sort of drawing-room adjoining, but both with simple whitewashed walls, low ceilings, and their only furniture a few of the rudest chairs, a couch, and a table in each. The walls, indeed, were adorned with prints of Heidelberg, and of scenes from student life, in which Karl fondly pointed out portraits of his college friends, now far sundered; and there were also numbers of little portraits and profiles in little black frames, and wreaths of dried leaves hung up, which were memorials of occasions of festivity or affection, to which the German heart clings with a wonderful attachment. Conspicuous amongst them were displayed magnificently painted pipes, bearing the portraits of damsels who had been the worship of the day amongst the students, and swords and caps which had figured on great occasions

of festal or sportive combat in the never-to-be-forgotten days of Studenten-Leben.

We must not linger over the festal time, the jovial Lebe-hochs, and speeches of friendship at table; the pleasant teas under the orchard trees, or in the capacious Laub or arbour in the great garden, part vineyard, part orchard, which surrounded and half-buried the house. Philip wondered how a poet of Karl's active mind could live year in, year out, with no other prospect through life but that in such a place; but Karl told him that such was the lot that thousands of gay and jocund young men looked forward to as their highest aim. He was more astonished to learn that his income amounted only to 500 florins, or about 40*l.*; but that his continued editions of his poems brought him double that, and that he was counted rich. That he could afford to have his Herbst-Reise, or autumnal tour of pleasure, when he visited the great cities, and was received with much *eclât* by

the first circles. Philip, however, did not leave without determining to endeavour, through our English ambassador at Carlsruhe, to procure him a more valuable living, as well as in a more poetical locality. He also, in bidding adieu, presented Madame Bodelschwing with an order on the Bank of Friess, in Heidelberg, for 5,000 gulden—that is, a little more then 400*l.* English—to be invested in some good security, for the little Philip Stanton Bodelschwing—for thus had the flaxen-haired infant been named—till he was of age—a sum, with the accumulated prospective interest, which appeared to the enraptured parents a perfectly princely fortune.

The middle of September saw another welcoming. It was that of Sir Philip and Lady Stanton to their mansion and estate of Druid's Moor. It was a fine, bright, warm day, the bells were merrily ringing, the villagers were all in holiday trim, keeping a gala day—the

old gates displayed a splendid wreath of flowers and evergreens, almost rivalling those of the pastor of Blauenheim, and the words, "Welcome home!" in its centre.

Three carriages drove up through the rejoicing village and through the old gates, containing Sir Philip and Lady Stanton, Lady Peters, Lawrence Hyde and his wife, the Miss Ottiwells—and old Adam and his wife, as blithe and joyous as any of them. It were superfluous to tell all their gladness. Lady Peters, with a grand old house, carriages, and servants at command, seemed once more herself. Lawrence and Helen were doomed to have the parsonage wholly to themselves; for the old rector, glad to be rid of the duties without any cost, and to get to Leamington to his married daughter, and more congenial society to end his days amongst than he expected here—for he was, soul and body, of the Sir Marmaduke school—was gone, and did not mean to come back again. There had been

no difficulty in securing just the cottage and garden for Adam and his canaries—for what difficulty can there be when a powerful landlord is to be obliged?

CHAPTER XV.

Sir Philip, however, was immediately engaged, with deep anxiety, watching the Special Assizes at Derby. He listened with profound admiration to the defence of the young barrister, Thomas Denman, and at once pronounced him destined to reach the highest rank of his profession. He was delighted to make his acquaintance, and still more to find that he was a near neighbour to Druid's Moor. He was struck with admiration of his serious, grave, yet generous character—the zeal and disinterestedness with which he continued for ten days to defend those unhappy

men, refusing all fee or reward. Arduously as he laboured in court for their advantage, Philip laboured out of it. He saw all the prisoners, and heard their stories; added to their comforts; saw their sorrowful and anxious relatives, who came to watch, in trembling anxiety, their fate; and, by his bounty, enabled them to subsist for the time. He strove to diffuse an interest in their behalf among the county gentry, representing their ignorance and the delusions practised upon them. Spite of all, however, three of them were beheaded as traitors, and about twenty were transported for life. No one lamented the fate of the furious Brandreth; but that of the other simple, deluded men was deeply commiserated, and justly regarded as immensely too severe. What a contrast to the treatment of Smith O'Brien and his associates in our time, when the kind-heartedness of an admirable queen, and the more enlightened spirit of the age, rendered

rebellion weak and contemptible, by treating it with a dignified indifference worthy of a great empire.

Philip was deeply moved by the earnestness with which the old man, Isaac Ludham, begged for his life, but in vain. This poor man had been a local preacher amongst the Methodists, and, except in this instance, had shown the most constant piety and quietness. But no representations of these facts could save his hoary head from the block.

Sir Philip was also as deeply moved with the sorrow of a young wife, who made prodigious and indefatigable exertions to save her husband. He was a young man of natural ability and a good penman. The prosecutor for the Crown had visited the prisoners in their cells, and made himself master of their real characters. He professed to regard this young man's case as particularly light, and held out to him a constant prospect of acquittal. He gave him writing

to do for him, and made him, by his constant assurances, confidant of his total escape. But he was condemned to transportation. Philip had observed the modest and yet anxious young wife often as he went to the prison, and had heard her husband's story. After the conviction, he saw her sitting by the prison gate in a stupor of despair. Hundreds of strange people passed her, and gazed at her, and went on, but she noticed them not. There she sat, pale, motionless, and like one more than half dead. It was some time before Philip could arouse her to consciousness, and then she burst into an agony of tears—and it was for a long time equally impossible to get a word from her. At length she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and groaning as she spoke:—

"It's all over, sir! It's all over! He's condemned!

"But not to die?" said Philip. "It is impossible!"

"No, no, sir; but transported for life. We're separated for ever! And he's not strong. The slavery at Botany Bay will kill him."

Philip was confounded. He rung the gate bell, and bade the poor woman come in with him. He asked the gaoler to shew them a private room, and there he tried to obtain the state of the case.

"I thought Lawyer L—— always told you your husband was safe? How is it then?"

"Oh! sir," said the poor woman, again writhing with agony, "that lawyer is a greater traitor nor Brandreth. He's always told John that he was quite sure to be acquitted; that he would do all he could for him, and now he's gone and ruined all hisself."

"Is it possible?"

"It's true, sir; true as I live. When he was condemned, he was among a number

whose sentences were left to the county magistrates to decide; and I went to Lawyer L—— and told him of his promise — but he only said, 'Good woman, be thankful he is not hanged. They must all pack off together!'"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Philip, "can there be such perfidy? such barbarity?"

"Ay, sir," continued the poor woman, seeming to surmount for a time her grief in her indignation; "there's no feeling in men's hearts—no, none at all, not so much as in the heart of a stone. I was told the magistrates were to name the sentence, and I went to the chairman, and begged him on my knees to let my husband off with an imprisonment, and I told him what the lawyer had always said. 'Why, my good woman,' the gentleman exclaimed, 'that is very strange indeed;' and he pulled out a letter from Lawyer L—— hisself, which recommended that all the persons, except those to be hanged, should be transported for life; and he specially said of

my husband, 'Send him off for life without fail, for he's vastly too clever to remain in this country.' And the magistrate said he was sorry for me, but he could not interfere."

And the poor woman sate and rocked herself in her agony, and would not be consoled.

Philip bade her not despair. He hurried forth, saw the lawyer, saw several of the magistrates—urged, pleaded, denounced the infamy of such conduct—but in vain. The whole batch were sentenced, by the advice of the magistrates, to transportation for life!

Philip was stunned, as it were, by the obduracy of these proceedings.

There was yet, however, one consolation in his power. He assured the unhappy woman that her husband, if he were careful, orderly, and industrious in the colony, would soon receive his liberty on a ticket of leave, and might then make his fortune. That he had a friend powerful with Government, and would

use every exertion to have her husband engaged to some easy employment, as a clerk or so, seeing that he was a good penman; and that, if she would go out too, they might be happier and more prosperous in that fine country and climate than here by far. That, in fact, it might be the greatest blessing that could happen to them, instead of a misfortune.

As he spoke, the young woman dried her tears—a change came over her, as a burst of sunshine breaks through a tempest, and she exclaimed, "Oh, sir! let me go out, and I will bless you to the day of my death!"

"You shall certainly go," said Philip; and she went. A ship sailing almost immediately took out her and her young child, comfortably placed on board at Philip's expense, with the captain particularly interested in her behalf by him; and she would be in Sydney to receive her husband to his new country. Jeremiah Sterland procured an order for her

husband's liberation on arrival; and a few years, as we learn, made highly prosperous people of them.

One fact more, and we close our eventful history. Lawrence had confided to Philip that Helen enjoyed a property, yielding about two hundred pounds per annum, from her mother; but that she had also the right to as much more under her father's will, but that it was withheld by the Archdeacon.

"You must compel him to surrender it."

"And that is just what I want to consult with you about," said Lawrence. "Shortly before his death, and when the Archdeacon was there, Mr. Freemantle said, in the presence of both the Archdeacon and Helen, that his property having much increased in value of late, he should make a new will and leave Helen more. He brought out the old will and burnt it before them, stating explicitly what he meant to give Helen in the new one. But he died very soon, and no new will could

be found. It has been in vain that Helen has reminded her brother of their father's fully-expressed intentions, and called upon him to perform what he knows was his father's real though unwritten will. The selfish man, a dignified churchman too, has only laughed at her for her simplicity in calling on him to fulfil a testament that has no existence, and tells her that she has enough."

"But I thought," said Philip, "you said there was a will?"

"And so there is," continued Lawrence; "but the Archdeacon does not know of it. In opening a secret drawer of a desk that was her mother's, and which her father gave her on his death-bed, she, the other day, discovered her father's new will, containing exactly the amount of property mentioned by the father on the occasion which I have stated."

"How extraordinary!" said Philip; "I am delighted that this dishonest man will be punished. And now, Lawrence, a plan

strikes me, which I beg we may put into execution. You know the suspicion, the almost certainty, that this same unbrotherly brother of your wife's was at the bottom of the determined attempt to crush me and all my connections with my wife's family. We had a firm belief that he had bribed the post-office somewhere to suppress our letters; and I may now tell you that we have discovered the whole truth. I have that in my possession which would cover Archdeacon Freemantle with infamy—if it would not transport him to the penal colonies. Such a thing is not to be thought of. The sacred shield of his sister's honour, happiness, and affection is cast over him; but I do not think he ought to escape without a private conviction that his villanies are all tracked, and are known to us. See here!"

He went to a cabinet, brought out an old leather pocket-book, and opened it:—

"This is, or was, the pocket-book of the

postmaster of ——, where you and I so often and anxiously inquired vainly for letters. Jeremiah Sterland vowed that he would trace out the villany, and, being reminded of it by me, he has done it. Having obtained a Secretary of State's warrant for making the search, he went down at once to —— with a detective, and, without a moment's notice, opened their business to the postmaster, and commenced operations. That night the postmaster decamped, and, convinced by that of his guilt, they pursued their search till they came upon this book, which contains, besides sundry memorandas of moneys paid by the Archdeacon, a number of his own letters on the very subject of the interception of our correspondence!"

He pointed out to Lawrence the acknowledged receipts of various payments of 40*l.* each, and then bade him read these letters. It appeared that the man was so well aware that he had the Archdeacon's fame and fortune

in his hands, that he continued to exact the payment up to the present date.

"Astounding!" exclaimed Lawrence, when he had read the letters. "Incredible! that so deep a villain should not have been deeper than to put himself into the power of a common knave like this!"

"But how?" asked Philip; "if a man will do such work, he must have tools, and these tools are necessarily two-edged. But what I propose is, that no whisper of this should wound the ear of Helen. I would have us, you and I, go down to the Archdeacon; demand your wife's property under the will, which you must, of course, first duly prove in Doctor's Commons. We will then let him know that his secret misdeeds are known to us, and let that work its effect."

"Let us do it," said Lawrence; "it is necessary for the health of the miserable man's soul."

Sir Philip, therefore, on pretence of taking Lawrence to assist him in some business in town, set out with him for London. The Archdeacon was there actively exerting himself with the ministry to secure the object of his ambition—a bishopric. The two gentlemen obtained an interview, by its being demanded in the name of Lawrence, as his brother-in-law; but when Sir Philip entered with Mr. Hyde, the countenance of the dignitary fell. He, however, maintained a cold, steady air, and remarked that he had not calculated on a visit from Sir Philip Stanton, and must express his surprise at it."

"No doubt," replied Sir Philip; "the interview cannot be pleasant to either of us, but it is necessary."

"For what?" bluntly and acidly demanded the Archdeacon.

"My friend, Mr. Hyde," replied Sir Philip, "has a demand to make of you, sir, and he has requested my presence on the occasion."

"I can conceive no demand which my brother-in-law has to make on me which cannot be better performed without the person of Sir Philip Stanton, a gentleman to whom I owe no trivial insults."

"Mr. Freemantle," said Lawrence, coldly, "we will waste neither time nor words. You know well that your father promised to leave the Bede-Housen property to my wife, and I call upon you to surrender it; to do that which you know is right as an honest man, and still more as a Christian minister."

The Archdeacon smiled a grim smile.

"Mr. Hyde, is that the whole of your business? I can but admire your extreme simplicity. Produce a will, and I am prepared to fulfil it; all else is nonsense and child's-play."

"But," said Lawrence, "as one clergyman and Christian addressing another, I ask you whether what you know was your father's

solemn will, as to the disposition of his property, should not be as sacred as if written with an iron pen and lead in the rock?"

"And I ask you only one thing, sir—produce a will, or be pleased to retire from my house, unless you deign to honour me with your presence in different company."

"Then," said Lawrence, "I will do both—but first for the will," and he drew from a pocket inside his coat an attested copy of the will, and laid it before him.

The astounded man gazed on the document with eyes that seemed ready to start from their sockets, but with a face that seemed cut in pallid stone. They could see him tremble, yet, with an air of resolution, he bore up, ran carefully over the deed, examined its signature and witnessing, and then said, in a cold voice, that seemed rather rigid steel than mere sound:—

"Very well, it shall be obeyed, and should have been at any time before, if produced."

"I am quite aware of that," said Lawrence; "and I am equally aware now of another thing, which it is well to know—that you will not obey any dictate, however sacred, that does not come with all the compulsive proof of law."

"And for this you brought your friend. This insult would not have been poignant enough, except under his eye?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Archdeacon," said Sir Philip; "but I came here also on my own business. You did me the honour to interest yourself very deeply in my affairs some time ago. You maligned my character to my now wife's father and mother. You went further. You bribed one or more infamous men to suppress my letters, and the letters of my now wife and brother-in-law, as well as of other persons."

"I!" exclaimed the Archdeacon, now black with suppressed rage and agony. "I! Dare you charge me with such infamous practices?"

"I dare," said Sir Philip. "I am glad to hear you confess their infamy, and am prepared to prove the charge. Do you know those letters?" and, taking out the postmaster's pocket-book, he held the letters up before him.

After a glance at them, the wretched man started, as though he had seen a ghost, went deadly white, and staggered. Lawrence caught hold of his arm, lest he should fall, but he wrested the arm from him by a violent effort, and sunk into a chair. He then clapped his hands to his face, and sate stooping, shaken vehemently through his whole frame. There was a long silence, during which Philip added:—

"Mr. Freemantle, we have now only to tell you that the whole of your transactions with this postmaster are in our hands; but, for the sake of one dear to both of us, neither Mr. Hyde nor I desire that you should suffer what the law would, mercilessly and ruinously,

inflict on you. We desire only that you should go and sin no more."

"Amen!" said Lawrence.

The stricken sinner replied only by a groan; and the two friends retired, leaving him in the same posture of smitten abasement, if not of repentance. Years went on—no mitre ever adorned that subtle brow; the Archdeacon continued to tread a silent and retired pathway through life.

Forty years have passed since these events took place, and many of the chief actors have passed from the scene. Jeremiah Sterland used to go down to Druid's Moor, and spend months of a joyous, robust pleasure there. He there learned to like Helen and Paulina more and more. There he met and grew fond of Sir Charles Peters, and feeling perhaps that he had occasioned, by his hasty indignation, the sale of Craythorne, he left his immense property betwixt Charles, his sister, and cousin.

The Miss Ottiwells, still at an advanced, but healthy and serene age, enjoy the contemplation of the admirable result of their labours amongst the poor of their native town. They still continue to mingle the pursuits of millinery and mercy, though they have transferred the active conduct of both to younger heads and hands. They have removed to a handsome house in the park, and may be seen driven out in their elegant Croydon carriage by their sober man-servant, looking the picture of tranquil happiness, and followed by the blessings and respect of all classes of their townspeople. Sir Philip and Lawrence Hyde, and their families, pay them a visit every year, and the two good old Samaritans as regularly spend a portion of the summer at Druid's Moor. There, though they have no children of their own, they see very handsome and amiable god-children, bearing their names to another generation—Ottiwell Hyde Stanton,

and Stanton Ottiwell Hyde, and Mary Ottiwell Stanton, and Jane Ottiwell Hyde.

Adam and his wife, and all their canaries, after a happy life, sleep well. They have left no descendants except canaries, and these still enliven both the hall, parsonage, and many a cottage and farm-house in the village and for miles round. The Criche canaries are in great request; and still Rix Royals, Gauzy Hobthrushes, Jerry Crowflowers, and Greensmiths abound in that neighbourhood.

Sir Philip used occasionally to delight old Mr. and Mrs. Stulp at Slumbercumb by a visit, and added 20*l.* a-year to the schoolmaster's salary. Whilst she lived, he showed all the kindness and goodness of a son to Mrs. Rudd, to whom he allowed a comfortable annuity. As for himself, happy in his noble wife and their fine troop of children, and in the friendship of Lawrence and Helen, he has lived still happier in watching and assisting the wonderful progress which

his country has made in the science of politics and of social existence. And what a marvellous progress is that! England, holding fast to the principles of Protestantism and the Bible, has spread her power, her people, and her liberal opinions far and wide through the globe. She has grown ten times more affluent and more powerful, because she has grown a hundred times more Christian. Instead of that distress which marked the sad epoch we have been tracing, her people flourish as no people ever did flourish. Instead of that hard and savage lack of sympathy in the wealthy and fortunate which then prevailed, a most kindly tone has sprung up and pervaded all classes. The Crown no longer casts down a baleful and impure, but a most beneficent influence. Nobles delight to teach, to elevate, to contribute to a thousand institutions and means of general amelioration.

A Shaftesbury, a Carlisle, a Brougham, a Burdett Coutts, are never more happy than

when labouring to educate and instruct the masses. What a revolution have our Sunday schools, evening schools, national and British schools, ragged schools, mechanics' institutes, lectures and libraries produced! The blessings of knowledge are now made almost as universal as light and air. High and low in worldly estate work together—the man of wealth teaches the mechanic, the mechanic teaches his fellows, and political and social reform, going on step by step, promise all the prosperity and the happiness to England which Philip Stanton laboured for in his youth, and contemplates yet with profoundest satisfaction in his mature years.

Never was he so emphatically, even in the first burst and flush of his popularity, as he really now is in heart and hand and spirit, by what he has done by his constant exertions, his princely expenditure on their behalf, and his plans and labours for their still advancing development—THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

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